

ISSUE 21

DRUMMER

AMERICA'S MAG FOR THE MACHO MALE

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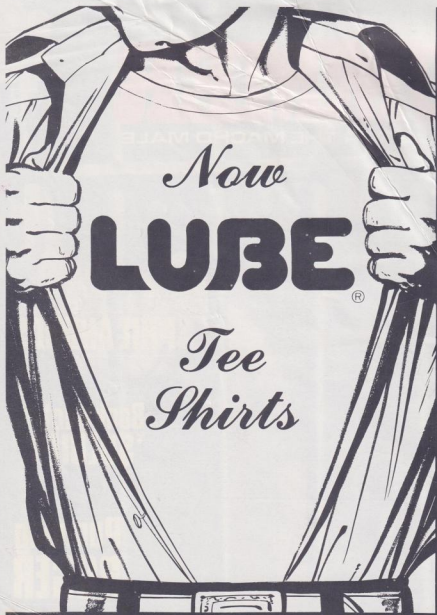
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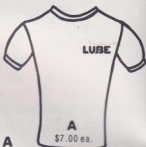
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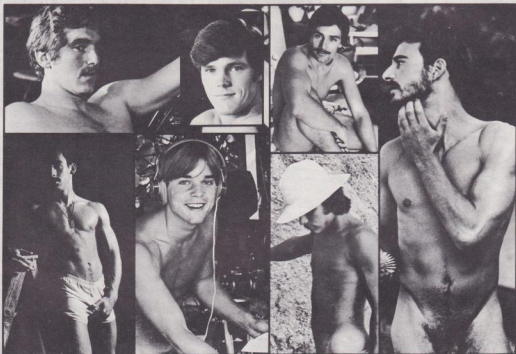
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DRUMMER



"If a man does not keep pace with his companions, perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer. Let him step to the music which he hears, however measured or far away."

Henry David Thoreau



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GETTING OFF

DEFENDING YOUR ATTITUDE

DRUMMER is macho entertainment. DRUMMER caters to your attitude: from hiking boots and cords through sports to traditional western-leather lifestyles. DRUMMER entertains men who happen to be gay, men who don't pussy-foot around their definite taste and passion. DRUMMER is an issue-by-issue celebration of man-to-man contact.

ROGEROTICA

Our center feature is a day-in-the-life-of the incredible Bodystar ROGER. Inside are more pictures well worth the 1000 or so words devoted to an erotic profile of this year's most magnificent man. Our fiction continues with DEREK's extraordinary "Soldier" and G.B. MISA's immensely popular "S&M Gym." Of special interest is the prolific PHIL ANDROS, author of more than 100 novels, and intimate friend of The Famous. Phil's police story highlights DRUMMER's prison theme: jail tours, cons, and how gay men of authentic macho interest deal with certain harsh realities. OLD RELIABLE's "Heavy Rap with An Ex-Con" is an interview-monolog so absolutely right that some talented actor could adapt it into a one-man show.

DRUMMER RECRUITS

DRUMMER, now San Francisco based, is your magazine. We recruit your input: ideas, non-fiction articles, fantasy fiction, heavy poetry, glossy black-and-white photos (single pix and multiples for photo spreads), and erotic art in any medium. (Just in case: include return self-addressed, stamped envelope.)

DRUMMER has a new Attitude keeping the best of the specialties we've always featured while widening our interests to head cocksore toward the 1980's lifestyle already becoming visible in the streets.

MOUNTAIN TO MOHAMMED

In answer to any man who has trouble finding DRUMMER monthly and who needs his DRUMMER fix, we offer the Final Solution:

There was a young man (quite a plumber)

*Who found newstands truly a bummer.
The issues he sought had already been bought.*

*So he sent in a subscription to
DRUMMER.*

If you want it, here it is. Come and get it.

MALECALL/Dear Sir:

PRIVACY

Here in Toronto we have a very very trying time nowadays because in late July a murder happened downtown and the victim was a 12-year old shoeshine boy. Since then one of the local papers started a paranoid and bigoted war against homosexuals. (One must note in here that in Canada homosexual acts are not prohibited by law if it happens by consenting adults over 18 years of age.) In spite of that, this paper launched a war against us. So this is a reason I do not wish my postman to see what kind of publications I am receiving.

But even now your envelope was stronger than before and somebody wanted to open it.

I do not mind paying more extra payment for your postage but I want to get your magazine. I feel it is my constitutional right to read whatever publication I want! If the envelope is sealed and closed the post office should not have a right to try to open it or even open it at all.

I personally am not in S&M or leather but I do like your magazine because of its macho(!) appeal.

Sincerely yours,

J.W.

Toronto, Canada

A SLAVE AND ISSUE NO. 18

My master and I enjoy and appreciate each issue of DRUMMER as it appears on the news-stand. We purchase our copies at the Pages Bookstore, 317 West 5th Street, Los Angeles. It has been a standing order for me from my master to get the latest issue anytime that I am shopping in downtown Los Angeles. Sometimes it ends up a very painful experience. I case in point is:

Two weeks ago, I forgot to stop at the bookstore for the new issue while doing some shopping. When I got home from Los Angeles late that afternoon, my master inquired, "Where's my magazine?" Understanding that if I simply answered his question with an excuse — "I forgot to stop in the bookstore," I would get my hide tanned read good. I tried instead to lie my way out of the situation by saying, "Sir, the latest issue isn't at the newstand yet." "Somehow, I just don't believe you so I'll call down to the bookstore," he retorted. I remained quiet when he placed the call, "Yes, Issue No. 18 is now in our store," was the clerk's reply. He was furious and shouted at me, "You are a slave who lies and is disobedient both!" He continued, "Not a bite of any supper for you tonight and you get your fat ass to the workout room at 8 p.m., with your jock." "Yes, sir," I humbly replied as no explanation could

now help the turn of events.

I cooked the meal, quietly served the dinner, did the dishes and cleaned the kitchen without any supper. At 8 p.m., I got a clean jockstrap from the drawer and went to our workout room. My master entered soon after me. "Shuck off your duds and climb into that jockstrap and be fast about it," he ordered. "Yes, sir," I answered and moved quickly. I peeled off my blue denim workshirt, tee shirt, Levis, boots, woolen socks and a tight pair of jockey briefs. I stepped into my jock and waited silently. My master started sermonizing about my lying and my disobedience and that he could have easily understood if a stud simply forgot something. I listened for what I supposed was about 10 minutes. It was a tense scene and I was sweating under the pressure and the stifling atmosphere of the warm room. My jockstrap was soaking wet and I needed to scratch but just would not dare at this moment.

My master came wearing dirty black boots, tight faded jeans and a black tee shirt. After his speech, he removed his shirt and boots; he unbuckled the large bronze buckle of his black leather belt and slowly pulled it through the loops of his Levis. He threw it on the floor. He pulled down the zipper and stripped off his jeans. He was now seen to be wearing only a tight knit, navy blue pair of briefs.

"Give me that strap that you well deserve and will long remember; then get to the center, bend your fat ass forward and kiss the floor; keep those buns very high," he shouted. I moved fast to reach to the floor for the belt, gently handed it to him and got to the center of the workout room. I got in the command position. My master stretched and the night's silence was broken by the quick flash of the hot leather strap striking its first blow across my bare butt; then, like lightning there was another one. The belt kept coming to see my flesh for his count of 6 on the left cheek and 6 on the right cheek. I was hot, flushed, burning with a bare ass full of stripes and welts.

Finished, my master got dressed as I stayed in the same command position. Suddenly, the rough, leather toe of his right boot landed up my crack with the force of a baseball bat swing.

Master's belt and his boot caused me not to easily forget Issue No. 18 of DRUMMER. As you see, my very firm master believes in a good old-fashioned whipping for any lie and/or any kind of disobedience. Sir, he has good days and bad days like all of us. Tonight, he gave his approval of this letter; however, in a day or so, he may end up beating my butt black-and-blue for writing this.

Humbly submissive,

B.G.
Long Beach, CA

KURT KREISLER REPLIES

In Reply to Hal, San Francisco/Issue 19.
First off, let me thank you for your complaint that the story, My Brother, My Slave was well written. That is very much appreciated from where I sit. It is, of its genre, one of my favorite books.

Secondly . . . the statement that it could not possibly happen in the California public school system! Would that the author could, at this point in time, reveal to you his own personal memoirs! I was bred and schooled in this state's system and it could indeed happen. The point in time was not mentioned in the novel.

Thirdly . . . indeed Senator Briggs could make an issue out of this particular publication. However, I feel that anything that Mr. Briggs could say would only be followed by a loud 'pop!' as he removed his foot from his mouth. Contrary to what it appears on the surface, the Anita Bryant and Senator Briggs campaign has done the Gay community much more good than it has harm. We, as Gay people, seem to need a cause by which to rally our forces. This campaign has done just that, and I'm more than glad it happened when it did. We are unified once again and our political and moral strength can only benefit by something so seamy on the surface.

Once again, thanks for the compliment and I must commend you on your astuteness in such matters. With many more such as yourself our 'trudging of the happy road to Destiny' would be much, much easier.

My regards in all sincerity,
Kurt Kreiser

MONTREAL BAR SCENE

Just a note to make a few corrections in your listing of the leather bar scene in Montreal since the situation has changed a great deal.

I would suggest your list read as follows:

Bud's — 1250 Stanley, Dominion Square Tavern — 1243 Metcalfe, Joe Beefs Tavern — 201 de la Commune, Trux — 1426 Stanley, 3rd floor.

As for those listed and not mentioned above, the Cafe Regent Apollo is not only not a leather bar, it is no longer gay; the Lincoln Cafe is gay but I have never seen any leather there; the Neptune Tavern has been replaced by Joe Beefs. The reopening of Bud's as an American style leather bar is probably the most important development. You might consider doing an article on it at some point.

You should also add Le Salon Erotique Priape to your listing for the Drummer Shopper Sources. Address: 1661 St. Catherine St. East.

Keep up the good work.

Ron
Montreal, Quebec

CHEYENNE REVISITED

Whenever I get a Drummer I notice under "The Leather Bar Scene" a listing of "SAM'S PLACE, 1600 Central Ave.,

Cheyenne, Wyoming."

Well, I'm sorry to report that there is NO such bar at that address. There is a place "1620 Saloon on East 16th Street in the Plain's Hotel Bldg., it is between Capital and Central Avenue. Actually, there is NO gay Leather/Western bar in Cheyenne. They are all straight places, but of course, one can always pick up some dude or get picked by one in any of the bars in Cheyenne, especially during Frontier Days, last full week of July. But if every, or most Drummer readers, find the bar listings the way I do, they would be disappointed in the 1620 Saloon. The other listings for Colorado, I know they are correct, because I go there. I'm merely writing about this one because of your comment at the end of the listing.

Would like to mention that I'm not a subscriber, just don't have the money, but read Drummer at friends who subscribe or buy one myself every once in a while. It is always good reading and enjoyable, good quality photography. Keep it up, yes I mean both ways, this good magazine as well as yours. Once my budget is healthier, you are assured a prospective subscriber.

Good luck.

E.C.
Cheyenne, WY

B.A.S. INQUIRY

In Issue No.17 of Drummer there was an article entitled "From the Boot Rack" p. 76.

In the article you refer to a B.A.S. (Boot Appreciation Society). Well, funny as this may sound, I have a friend who really digs boots. What I'd like to know is if such a society really exists so that if it does I could get him a book, newsletter, membership, etc. to B.A.S. for him. It would really be funny.

Hope you can help me in this matter.

D.O.
Arlington, VA

(We have passed this on to Arnel Larsen, our 'Boot Rack' guy . . . and DRUMMER hopes to have an answer in his next month's column. — Ed.)

DRUMMER ENERGY

I never write to either magazines or to my mother — the old scumbag — but I have to write you concerning your latest issue on gay sports and attitude.

At long last DRUMMER has pinned on its nuts!

Finally the rag you call a magazine has become what everybody I talk to always thought it was — hot, full of jerk-off writing — (where'd you find that sicko Fritscher anyway? — Love him!), great pix and drawings (can I line up to eat A. Jay's tits?), as well as a whole new (almost respectable) attitude.

Sure are a lot more pretty body-builders and so on in your pages! Like the new life and vitality. Don't lose us kinky types though. Remember your roots. DRUMMER always has been a "specialty" piece of asswipe.

Wish you'd come out monthly and wish you'd hit my newstand with more copies. I had to put my name on a fucking reservation list to get this last issue. What kind of business is this? Are you trying to force me to subscribe?

Keep up the new energy.

The Pissing in the Wind article is a classic!

Twistedly yours,

M.G.
Sweetwater, TX

CALLING ALL BOXERS

So you are having an article on and for wrestlers, that is great because it is a great body contact sport.

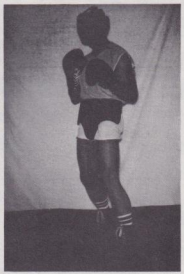
But sometime put in a postscript some where for us very small minority of dudes who love and dig boxing with their rough sex. Boxing may not be as tight of body contact as wrestling but it is beautiful man to man, body to body physical combat and competition.

There are so few of us that can really dig it and understand it because many can't understand it or have not been exposed to it properly. It can be as rough as any S&M, and leatherlovers can dig it with all the great sweaty leather boxing gear.

As Bob Conrad told Boxing Illustrated once, "the more you learn about boxing, the more you love it. It has to be the greatest sport of them all, because it's the most basic. It's beautiful, yet it's cruel. It's man against man, and a battle for survival."

Thanks, keep up the good work.

B.G.
Tempe, AZ



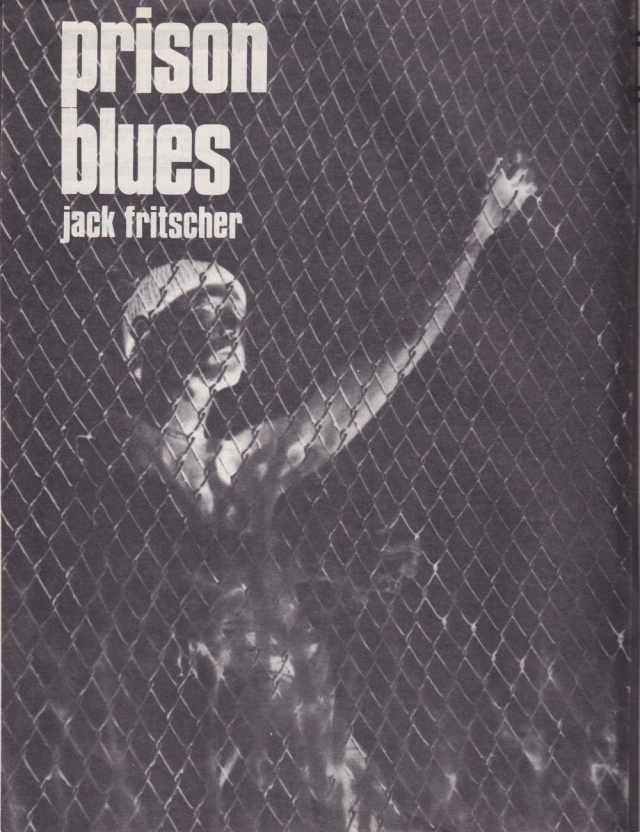
A TURN-ON

Finally a DRUMMER I can leave on the coffee table. Always sick, now you're slick. A great combo. I used to

Continued on page 80
DRUMMER 7

prison blues

jack fritscher



CONFESSIONS OF A PRISON-TOUR JUNKIE

IN THE MAIN GYM AT SAN QUENTIN the cement is wax-smooth. The work of thousands of bare male feet. In the showers at Auschwitz, the cement is scored with the long fingernail scratches of humans clawing their way futilely out of small places. Here, at the Big Bastille on the Bay, the pad of sweaty feet, heel and ball, pivoting, running, jumping to score a basket, falling, kicked-and-rolled by a dozen jockers turning out some little punk in the course of good clean fun while the guard shines it on (turns his face away), has smoothed the roughness.

GYMS SMELL LIKE MEN.

The San Quentin gym smells like con-jock sweat. Dirty football uniforms and pads hang just out of my reach under row upon row of *Hustler* and *Playboy* color centerfolds boldly unfolded: Stapled beavers, one of which some pissed-off anonymous smoker burned right through the twat with the hot end of a Lucky Strike. At the far end of the huge gym stand the heavy barbells and weight benches on wooden platforms raised two inches above the smooth cement. To the right, three red steps lead up to an empty boxing ring canvassed in a shiny dark

blue right out of *Rocky*. The ceiling girders are eighty feet high above us. An ache runs through me. A longing.

A dozen cons tend to us. This is their space. This is a place of caged men. For real. The gym bleachers are initialed and soaked with porous sweat. The panic of being an outsider overtakes me. Covertly I pop 10 mg of cool blue valium to quiet the rising panic and to still the longing ache, to sit obedient in this gym lock-up, listening to the glib patter, sniffing out more than the uniforms, sniffing out the violence and murders that give these men life.

At San Quentin, claustrophobic terror hardens my dick.

Prison tours are my hobby.

I go to jail every chance I get. To visit. Fanatic subcultures fascinate me. I get off on the cons harboring secret contempt for the giggling public come for the Saturday night "fun" of the dinner tour, getting their goddamn doubleknits frisked at the Big Q entrance so they can walk cell to cell with a stick poking at the inmates. Always my mind-camera is running, recording the extremes that life offers.

"These men," the officer of the day told us, "have volunteered to be your guides. No instructions have been given as to what they can or cannot say. You cannot tip them or give them anything. You give them anything and they'll be in trouble; and if they get in trouble, then you'll get in trouble. We just ask you not to light up when you're in the woodworking shop. Otherwise, enjoy your walk. Ask the men whatever you like. They're pretty thickskinned and not too sensitive. If they don't want to answer, they don't have to. Okay. As I say, enjoy your walk."

Our guide for a group of ten wears scrubbed pressed blue levis.

Visitors are forbidden to wear levis. "No jeans or illicit drugs," the guide sheet warned when the tour was arranged. Also: "Hostages will not be recognized." Terrific! When you walk into another world, you walk into its terms.

I listened to our con-guide. You the fuck think he ever tells the truth? It's his levis, man. Laundry is cause for war in the joint. According to law, every dude wears the same shit stenciled with his own number: shoes, shirts, and shorts. But Inside is like Outside on the Street.



Photos by Sparrow

Distinctions this doubleknit tour will never see make all the difference Inside. Dudes in starched, pressed shirts and razor-sharp creased levis or black Chelsea boots, or, hooboy, a stud in goldrimmed shades, are all mothers working some scam: dealer, connection, locksmith, forger, hit man, armbreaker, enforcer, snitch, whatever. What's sure is that the dude's a specialist with something going.

He's uppercrust prison-shit.

Our guide's scam: he's some kind of in-house arbitrator. He's the King Rat in the movies who plays both ends against the middle and ends up with a plexiglas shiv stuck in his ribs. What gave him away was his green turtleneck shirt: subtle, but revealing of his thick arms and thicker chest. He talked endlessly about the importance of personal hygiene. I imagined him sweaty and stripped down for his one weekly shower. He was from the Deep South where they leave meat blind and uncut. Cheese. He has, I bet, a cheese problem. Under his foreskin. That's why he traded cigars for extra showers. Sometimes, he admitted, he sneaked an extra wash-off with a firehose to clean-up during the week.

He was 27 and hot and his hair was blow-dried with a handheld dryer. He spied about the warden who made the men choose whether they wanted to shower or attend college-credit classes. One or the other. Not both. Men have to learn, the warden said, how to make decisions. No wonder the newspapers carry stories that start: "The warden of San Quentin Prison was belted in the jaw by a convict yesterday while trying to cool things down after a stabbing melee. Warden George Sumner — a rugged, 6-foot-2-inch former football player who weighs more than 200 pounds — instantly took what a prison spokesman called

'reflex defensive action,' and belted the con right back. Despite a sore jaw, Sumner shrugged off the incident. 'It's just part of my job,' he said, 'and I've been hit before.'

STRIP SEARCH

Our guide had been hit before too. He was a man who had been strip-searched, manhandled from his shackled bare feet, up the outside of his big thighs, rubber-fingered up the butt, foreskin rolled back for short-arm inspection, hands frisking up to his hips, his waist, his muscled 'pits, his heavy chest and shoulders, his big bull neck — all of him shook down all the way in the Lock, a high echoing snot-green chamber between the walls, filled with smoke, milling cons, and shouting guards.

"Line up, come on, goddamnit."

Thirty minutes before, we had stood like good-citizen cattle in the Lock between two gigantic steel-bar doors. One goes inside the wall; the other, out. In the rafters, covered with the unreachable grease of grey cottage cheese dust, sparrows twittered, flying in and out whenever one door or the other opened. The doors were fixed so only one opened at a time.

What was it like for him to be "Processed in?" Stripping off his clothes, standing naked in a sweaty line of multi-racial cons, surrendering his effects while three beefy guards armed with shotguns paced the gunwalk inches above his shaved head, getting sprayed with antilouse disinfectant, standing first on one foot, then the other, listening to a bored bass voice shout out, thick with years of whiskey and cigar smoke: "Swearing, cursing, fighting, disrespect to officers, arguments, sodomy, masturbation, homo-

sexuality, drugs, unnatural acts, and political agitation will not be tolerated."

Jesus! He was beautiful, no matter what scam had gotten him from new-fish con with scalped head to full-blown, blow-dried tour-guide. Shit! Pinned to his black turtleneck sweater was an ID card: BILL. Bill directed us to look one way. I looked the other. He remarked about a building dated 1842 on the right. I looked left, up through the broken glass and bars of a mean six-tier block.

On the third tier up, a young blond biker, long hair combed wet and straight back, stood stripped to the waist, heavy tattoos on heavier arms, muscled, white cotton pants, beltless and barefoot, staring down at the action on the mainfloor below him, action I could not see, but he could, looking down between his tattooed forearms resting easy on the iron railing.

No one else noticed him. No one else on the tour, that is, except my buddy, O'Riley, who everybody I know calls "Old Reliable." He never misses a trick. Especially a con trick. Old Reliable always sees everything. He always has. That's how he got reliable. That's how he got old at 33. We exchanged knowing looks and turned back to Bill, away from the third tier.

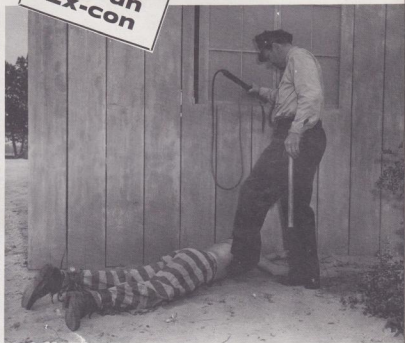
"I'd pay him a hundred bucks to sit on my face," Old Reliable whispered.

"And blow 'Dixie' out his ass," I said.

Bill was pulling our tour-group along. "This is the spot," he said, "where the yellow fire hydrant is now, of the old whipping post. The heaviest sentence to come down was a man getting 190 lashes administered over a two-day period. The original infirmary is right nearby. I'm glad the state has done away with corporal punishment."



Hire an Ex-con



My knees grew weak. Old Reliable dragged me from the hydrant. The energy remained of that whipped man's agony. The broiling sun. The silence in the brick-walled plaza. Silence except for the sound of the whip whistling through the sun and cutting across his back. Silence except for his bit-lip hiss breaking finally beyond scream into fullcracked roar slumping to halfconscious moan. Silence except for the panting of the guard in full uniform, heaving with sweat, laying the leather strap again and again, according to the warden's strictly counted cadence, across the naked man's back. Silence now with the moon rising cool over the Bay. Silence like an unsettling dream remembered too clearly on waking.

DREAM-MOVIE SEQUENCE: Two horsemen break the flat horizon. Their heads rise in the distance against the blue. They rock easy in their ancient saddles. Their horses surge against the reins. The men are warriors, dark and bearded. Their helmets catch the sun. The men and horses are armed with fur and leather. They rise proudly against the full line of the horizon.

The camera catches behind them a trail of dust as they move in longlens slowmotion. A rope stretches taut behind the second horseman. Gradually, the camera makes out the rope's burden: first the bound wrists, then the stretched arms dislocated from the bleeding shoulders of the man who is naked and dying but not

dead.

Silent above the sad procession a great bird hangs motionless, following the horsemen trawling the side of human flesh. The bird catches an updraft and circles timeless above the horsemen. They ride evenly onward, across a ridge above a still lake. Wavy in the noonsun shimmer, they double in the placid lake reflection. The descending hooves of the upright horses meet precisely the rising hooves of the inverted water horses. Below them and above them the carrion bird circles noiselessly. In the mouth of the bound man, thin wires roll his tongue into a cylinder swelling purple from his mouth. His cock is wired the same.

The horsemen, proud and straight, drag the man off into the blinding noon brightness.

Where is George Raft when you really need him?

"Come on," Old Reliable said. "You're lagging behind."

"I'm not lagging."
"You're standing on your tongue." Old Reliable dragged me away from the whipping post.

Often I perceive the aura of a place long after the event has receded.

PRISON JERK-OFF

Once at the historical prison at Yuma, I pulled my jeep into the rocky parking lot late enough in the hot August afternoon to miss the crowded tours. David, who was my lover then, threw some

coins into the turnstile. We nodded to the bored Ranger in charge and wandered alone through the lengthening shadows of the roofless cellblocks. Bronze plaques described the Zane Gray macho conditions. At the far end of the compound, twenty minutes before the 5 PM closing, I pulled open a heavy iron door and headed down a dark ten-foot adobe corridor to another iron door latticed in a welded gesture of ventilation by some thickarmed smithy a century before.

"You better not go in there," David said.

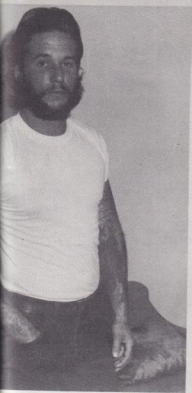
"Chickenshit," I said. "Go out and stand guard."

He cut back quick to the fading Arizona sunset. I pushed through the second iron door into a twelve-by-twelve windowless adobe room in whose center had stood a nine-by-nine foot cage averaging a dozen desperados in the tight kiln space of group solitary confinement. Sartre said, "Hell is other people." And in that breathless darkness, alone behind two iron doors, the accumulated rage and energy of all the men ever confined within that airless room in that cold cage, bumping and grinding one grizzled body against the other, made in that privacy my privates hard, and once hard, came the involuntary unbuttoning of my fly, the lick of my hand, and the stroked salute to all the men locked in once-and-future cages.

Old Reliable was embarrassed the others might notice. But hardly anybody

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SCOTT SMITH: Heavy Rap With A Solitary Ex-Con

EDITOR'S NOTE: *This transcript is as real as Coke. Scott Smith is, except for his alias, a True Authentic. A graduate of Soledad Prison at the age of 23, he started as a hubcap truant and reform school juvie. He has spent more of his life in the joint than out. He is an ex-junkie, married, charming, sexy, heavily tattooed, muscular, and a liar. At Soledad, Scott was an "enforcer." That means he beat up guys who failed to pay debts owed to other cons. Currently, he is a biker out of his native San Jose, which is the "Delinquent Chicken Capital of California." (Spend a revealing afternoon near the bus station.) Old Reliable Tapes had no baby pictures of Scott; but, baby, the pictures they have, DRUMMER prints here showing Scott off as the epitome of that art born of prison boredom: multiple tattooing. Scott Smith is the real thing.*

SCOTT: "Ah — I've got a 43 inch chest, 16½ inch arms, 31 inch waist. I'm a hard lover — a hard fighter — and a hard mother fucker to get along with. To give you a little background on myself — how I became to be like this — when I was in second grade I was seen' a psychologist who labeled me a sociopath, which means that I was in revolt against society. I didn't give a fuck about nothin'. I didn't give a fuck about the principals, the teachers, the neighbors, the parents, the family — I didn't give a fuck about *nobody* except me — and didn't give much of a fuck about myself. For one thing I could say I always took care of Jason — that was number one. I remember times when ah — it was a couple of years before second grade ever came around — ah — I got in a lot of fights — I started a lot of fires — I loved to start a mother-fucker's house on fire — throw rocks at the milkman — at the baker man — ah — beat up the neighbors. I had a babysitter one time when I was really young, and we used to go to her house after school and ah — I did crazy things like stole a pocket knife from her when she wasn't looking — took it to school — and I remember one day, I took the knife to school, and ah — they got them big red rubber balls that we used to play with — I just got about three or four of them out in the field — started hacking on them — just start cutting them mother-fuckers up. And — I was a pretty angry kid. A couple of days later on the way home from school I was walking home and I got tired of walking — and I seen a school mate riding by on a bicycle and I started thinking — sure would be fine to have that bike to ride home on

seen' as it's rainin' and everything — so I pulled him to the curb and told him to get off the mother-fucker and apparently he thought that — you know — I was just funnin' him — so he didn't get off — so I grabbed him around the neck — threw him down on the ground — I started stabbing his bicycle tires — cut that mother-fucker all to hell. Picked his bike up and threw it on top of him — walked home. I didn't give a fuck about riding his bike — I just wanted — I just wanted to ah — get crazy a little bit.

My whole childhood went like that and been goin' like that ever since. I'm only 23 now but ah — I've been through more shit than five or ten mother fuckers my age put together — I reckon. I've got enough scars to show for — ah — I've got about 37 different tattoos — and only three of those were done in the same — in the same town. Most of them done in the penitentiary but ah — Back when I was a kid I remember my mommy used to tell me to be home from school a half hour after school gets out and I was saying about fuck her in her ass — I come home when I want to come home. And that's the way I've always been. No mother fucker tells me what to do — fuck him in his neck. Ah — I used to go to the store after school across the street — those supermarkets there — they had a liquor store — they had a lot of magazines — and I used to go over there and look at them girlie magazines and — ah — My little old two inch dick — it'd get hard and ah, I'd go home and jack off thinking about them girls — thinking about — I sure can't wait until I get old and ah — be able to fuck all them girls. I remember one time I was in the living room playing with my stuff — my grandfather was there — and I didn't think nothin' of it — I just pulled my pants down and started playing with it you know — felt good, fuck it — so I felt — somethin' feels good, do it. If someone won't let you do it anyway — and ah — so I was sittin' there playing with my stuff and ah — grandfather came up to me and went up side of my head with his fist and ah — I didn't like that. I told him to quit fucking with me when I was playing with myself.

Well, anyway, I was always ah — since the time I could remember ah — when I was a little kid I had a lot of erotic thoughts — and most of them took the form of aggression. I used to ah — my older sister was three years older than me — I used to get her in the bathtub — man like we used to have to take baths together — there was three kids, me, my little brother and my older sister. My



sister would take a bath first. She'd get in the water first. I remember ah — going in the bathtub — she'd be in there splashing around, carrying on — and I'd be lookin' at her you know — and my dick would be gettin' hard — and one time I just pissed all over her — I just — it felt good just to get nice'n funky and nasty like that — you know — ah I was doing something evil I always got off on that — I still do.

Another time I was coming home from school and I was probably in the second grade — first grade — I don't remember — but I was crazy. And ah — I was walkin' down the sidewalk and this dude — I guess he was two or three years older than me man — outweighed me by thirty, forty pounds which is a lot when you're a kid — and he walkin' down the sidewalk and his mother's holding his hand — I'm thinkin' — look at this sissy mother fucker — he must have been in the fourth grade — walkin' down the sidewalk with his mama holdin' his hand — I thought this punk mother-fucker — I just wanted to knock all the bark off his ass for being such a fuckin' punk. Like I ran up to the dude man and I called him a sissy, mama's boy and everything and ah — he started crying to his mama — I went to the mother-fucker, hit him in the jaw, pulled his pants down and knocked him over and started running. I remember I got around the corner — man I laughed so fuckin' hard that I had tears going down my eyes man — it was so fuckin' funny.

Like — when I was a kid, I did a lot of weird shit like that man. I loved to fight, loved to look at the girls and tell them I wanted to fuck them. One time ah — a little neighbor boy — you know we was partners out on the block right? — we used to catch lizards together, snakes, and things like that. We got in his house one time — and was watchin' a movie on the TV — and ah — got to talking about — well show me yours and I'll show you mine. I says all right — I'll whip mine out — and I shook it at him and ah — he took his out and shook his at me. And he goes ah — I'll suck yours if you suck mine. I said all right, with no intention of sucking his. And ah — he goes, you go first, I said no you go first. I grabbed him by the back of the head, pulled him down, told him get to suckin' love — and he got that little old dick in his mouth and just started tonguing it and rolling his head around like he'd been doin' it for years and I think I was too young to come then — but ah — sure got my little old dick hard. That was just one time — I used to get the neighbor girls off in the bedroom and lock the door from the outside — tell my brother to lock the door from the outside — tell them to pull down their pants or I wouldn't let them out — make them show me their little pussy — and I'd pull my dick out, show it at 'em, wave it at 'em and ah — that's about as far as I got back then — still hadn't broke ice.

I started gettin' older, more violent, more crazy — I started gettin' bigger and my body started gettin' bigger — my cock started gettin' bigger, thicker and longer — it got harder. I started developing some muscles. And, I took a lot of pride in the

fact that I had never been beat in a fight at school or any other place for that matter.

I used to play on the little league team and ah — they used to call me the head hunter because I pitched — and like if someone got up to bat that I didn't like I'd just throw the ball at 'em — I didn't give a fuck. Someone come up that maybe hit a home run last time when I pitched against 'em — I'd throw it at their head — and hit 'em most of the time, nine times out of ten. So, they kicked me out of the little league. And I beat the manager's son up with a baseball bat the day it happened.

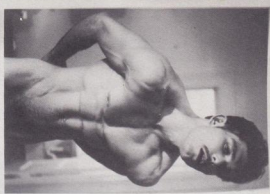
So like — I started gettin' older — like I said a lot crazier — a lot more aggressive — I got off on it and my dick got hard — I just ah — I'd see something I want and I'd take it — if soethin' didn't work right I'd break it. I didn't have the patience or the time or the desire to sit down and look at it and see what made it tick — I just broke the mother-fucker. And that's how I was with people. People don't act the way I want 'em to I try and break them — in one way or another — ah — if I couldn't do it physically I'd do it mentally and ah — I started gettin' like into junior high school and things — and I remember my first experience with ah — anything other than a woman was when I was in junior high school and I was hitchhiking across town — on the way to see a girlfriend as a matter of fact — and I was out on the street, I got my thumb out, I got a long sleeve shirt on, had it unbuttoned because it was a hot day — had sandles on and ah — a guy pulls over, get in the car, he says where you goin' — say up the road a couple of miles, right past the bowling alley — so we started driving and he's talkin' about he's goin' to work — the people he works for they're on strike and he's going out to picket. And he starts talking about some of his friends that are — that are gay — I didn't know what the fuck he was talking about until he said something about sucking a dick, and then I knew what he was talking about. And I started thinking it sure would be good to stick my dick all off in his mouth you know. An my dick started gettin' hard. I had Lewis on — it was — I think I'd just washed them they were kinda tight. Didn't wear no underwear — still don't. The more he's talkin' the harder my dick's gettin' — I hadn't had a mouth around it in awhile. And ah — so finally man, my dick's gettin' big and hard and nasty lookin' and he looks down at my crotch and I guess he could tell I was hard 'cause there was a pretty good size bulge in it by then — and ah — I wanted him to know that it was all right if he sucked my dick, as a matter of fact I wasn't goin' to get out of the car until he did. I started rubbing my dick through my pants — I told him to pull over, find a place to pull over, ah "I want to get my dick sucked." So like he drove around for a couple of miles trying to find a place where there wasn't too many people around — where he could give me some head. So we pull over, he parks and he starts rubbing his hand all over my pants man — just squeezing my fuckin' cock through my pants and ah — boy that mother-fucker was hard — I don't think

I'd even jacked off in about a week — and it just had dick juice just dripping out the end of it man — soakin' through my levis I was so fuckin' horny. And he kept playing with it through the pants and finally I unbuttoned the mother-fucker, and whipped it out on him, grabbed him by the head and said "suck that mother-fucker." He got down there and just — wheww — wrapped that old hot mouth around it — and I grabbed him by the back of the head and just started fuckin' into his mouth — fuckin' it in his mouth — just — wheww — all the way down his mother-fuckin' throat man — 'cause I was only about fuck — twelve years old but my dick was a good six and a-half, seven inches long then — still had some growin' to do — and it was pretty big around — so anyhow I'm fuckin' this punk all off in his mouth and I'm thinkin' to myself — look at this sissy mother-fucker and I just — I ah — I just wanted to knock all of the mother fucking teeth out of his face — man — I wanted to come all in his mouth first, so I just kept fuckin' in his mouth — kept pulling his head down on my cock trying to choke him with it — and ah — finally he took it out of his mouth and started jacking it off — and I started to come and I just shot come all over his face — umm, it was goodood! I told him to open his mouth and eat it. He just opened his mouth, I just started squirting that cream all in his mouth, all over his tongue. Like I say, that was my first experience with another man. And it damn sure wasn't to be my last.

As time went on I found out that they was willing to pay for it. We had a guy we called him — well, he called himself Dicky, 'cause he loved dick. And about — oh me, five or six of my partners at school — we was all crazy, we all liked to fight, drink and fuck broads, fuck dudes, we didn't care, as long as there was a good time involved. And we started going over to Dicky's house and get our rods copped — and ah — this dude was a ex-marine, a little short stumpy lookin' guy, kind of bald on top — had false teeth on and gave good head. We went over there one time, five or six of us. My friend Ronnie was out — was in the bedroom with him and we were all off in the living room drinking and carrying on looking at fuck books and ah — me and the rest of my partners we got to talkin' and we said you know what let's go in and pull the a-train on this mother-fucker man — and ah — like he was only givin' us \$5.00 a piece to suck our dicks. We thought that wasn't enough man. So like — I think there were five of us left in the living room — might of been six — I know it was at least five of us. And off in the bedroom and he was there on the bed sucking Ronnie's dick. He git it all off in his mouth — so Ronnie just kicked back man, just . . . sees us come in the bedroom — we told Ronnie to get up for a minute brother, we're goin' to down this mother-fucker here — we told Dicky, "get on your stomach we're goin' to fuck you. We're goin' to fuck you long and hard and you're goin' to like it. You're goin' to pay us all." And he kind of seemed to get off on the idea — man — took Ronnie's dick out of his mouth, got

Continued on page 68

MUG SHOTS







IN A PIG'S ASS

by
**Phil
Andros**

A ONE-HANDED
FRICTION/FICTION
BONUS
!

My kinky bed-partner in Des Moines put down his pocket calculator and said, "If you had got the minimum for all the sex laws you've broken in this country, you'd be in the pokey for sixty-one thousand years."

"No time off for good behavior?" I said sardonically.

"Nope. So with the six month sentence, that'd be..." he figured it out... "0000081. Not a bad percentage for a notorious hustler."

"A pure line of zeroes would be better," I grumbled.

Two summers ago I'd been hitchhiking from San Francisco to Chicago, ridin' the ole thumb, and listening to the changes in accent and wording as I got propositioned from west to east. And in the midwest a young stud with glasses wanted it so bad we pulled off at a gas station and headed for the can. Turned out he wanted his ass whopped, so I laid a heavy belt on him and had just got inside him when the door bust open, and two of the corn state's finest caught us. He copped a plea, and I went into the southeast corner of the state to ponder my sins in a living-room six feet wide and nine feet long. The judge invited me to share the state's hospitality for six years.

It wasn't so damned bad in the pokey if you knew how to play your cards. You paired off right away. I found me a poguey kid — got him with two cartons of cigarettes plus my never-failin' charm, and he serviced me after that. He was a little black-haired boy named Chris (everyone called him Christine), cute as a bug's ear, and with an asshole about bug-sized and tight and hot and man, he sure liked to be fucked in that ass. And I'm an ole bugger. He was after my dingdong every time we managed to be alone — "unguarded" moments you might say — in the shithouse, the cell when he came to sweep, and even in the chow-line.

That was the big mistake. He'd fixed the ass-end of his pants with a zipper, and then he'd get right in front of me on the way across the yard to chow. It was a double line and we'd be next to the building, all crowded tight together. And then right in plain view he'd unzip his rear end, unzip me, and reach down to guide it in. After the first time I was all rarin' and

ready. He always had a lump of butter or grease stuck in his asshole so I could get in real easy, and we'd walk slow in the line. It took me about eight steps to shoot my load. Then he'd grunt, zip up again, and we'd both be settled down by the time we got to the messhall, except for our red faces.

The guys around us knew what was going on but kept quiet about it — except for one damned bible-thumping fink. He was either outraged or jealous, and he must have squealed. We were passing under the window one day when it opened and a guard hollered at us. I backed out of Chris in a hurry, but he saw the whole thing.

That was when I got put in the hole, where no birds sing. Solitary. Ten days. Old Warden Lystenbee (what a name!) said he was sorry, looking me up and down. He seemed real friendly. But stern.

A stool. A cot. A washbowl. A shit-can. Remarks for my diary: goddamnit to hell.

On the second day I was sitting on the stool, facing the slotted peephole in the solid steel door. Somebody in that mixed-up Bastille had been eyeing me off and on for the past hour — a guard? maybe. Anyway, I'd devised my own little *opera comique* for him entitled *Charlot S'Amuse* — beating my meat in all kinds of positions — pants up, pants down, sitting, standing and feeling my groin with one hand, spitting on the head to juice it up a little bit. Anything to make the Tom who was peeping a little hotter. Like any ham actor, you always want to entertain and hold your audience... and I'm a co-operative kind of guy.

Then I heard somebody unlocking the door. I buttoned my fly, thinking Ah ha! someone coming backstage with roses. It was highly unusual, because part of being in the hole is that you're not allowed to see anyone during the durance vile.

A cop came in — not one of the guards, but a regular blue-clad city cop with motorcycle boots, cap, handcuffs, night-stick, and all the rest. How he managed to get in was a mystery. But a small chill crept around my shoulders — I'd always had a thing for cops, even though currently I should have been fairly pissed

off at them.

I didn't recognize him at first. He said "Andros?" and then I connected, because that bass voice jumped me back to last summer. He was one of the two who'd busted me. He was very nervous.

"I just thought I'd see how you were gettin' on," he said. He swallowed noisily.

"How the hell does it look like I'm gettin' on?" I snapped at him.

He looked around. "Not very well," he said. "How come you're here?"

"As if you don't know," I said. "I'm here because you busted me for beating a kid's ass and fucking him."

"No," he said. "I mean here in the hole. What you done now?"

"Fucked another kid in the ass."

He looked at me. And then I caught him in a movement that in Europe would indicate he wanted sex: he ran his tongue-tip from one side of his upper lip to the other. You eat me or I'll eat you. In the combelt it just meant this fuzz was nervous, or might be a club-member. I got up from the stool, hooked my thumbs in my belt loops and moved towards him, the old hip-rollin' sexy approach. Ah, the studied gestures of us criminal types.

"Got a cigarette, Mac?" I said.

Then he made another mistake — he ran his finger around the inside of his collar. His hand shook as he finished the movement and then reached for the cigarettes. "Sure," he said, holding out a pack. I took one, noting an intertwined friendship ring, fourth finger, left hand.

"I know it ain't my business," he said, "but I'd kinda like to ask you a question. See, I got a cousin who's queer —"

"I ain't no goddamned queer," I growled. If he'd said 'gay' he might have had a different answer.

"Yessir, I know," he said hastily. And that tied it — saying "yessir!" My favorite goddess Hilaria tugged at my corners; I almost laughed. Not only gay, but probably an M to boot, and maybe I could

furnish the boot.

"Well," he went on, "this cousin of mine likes to be beat — and I wondered if you could tell me why."

"How the fuckin' hell should I know, Mac?" I said. "I ain't no shrink. I don't know why anyone likes to be beat. I only know I like to beat 'em. You whup a guy's ass so's his asshole will open up and let you get a big dong like mine inside him."

I reached down and rubbed my crotch and cupped the bulge in my hand. He couldn't take his eyes away from my fly — as frozen as a bird by a cobra. His down-turned face was handsome as hell. It was what I always thought of as a "stage face" — one that looked equally good from both the first and the thirty-fifth rows — straight black eyebrows over well-spaced eyes, a sculptured nose, full thick well-shaped sensual lips. Jaysus. It wasn't just the touch of my hand on my crotch that made ole Betsy unbend a joint or two. That strangest of all twosided separations in me was activated — not a love-hate one so much as a lust-hate one. Here I was, getting a hardon for the bastard who'd put me in the pokey in the first place! It was plumb crazy, and I was almost as hypnotized as he was — I saw the black curly hair struggling to escape from his cap, the dark hair on the backs of his big hands and fingers, the heavy beard mark. He must have outweighed me by thirty pounds — bigboned and broad-shouldered. A couple of breath-taking fantasies interwove themselves in my wicked head.

"How's about a light for the cigarette, Mac?" I said, letting it dangle from the corner of my mouth, playing the whole scene like a bad porno movie.

"Uh — oh sure," He fumbled in his pocket and brought out a match folder, but he was so nervous he dropped it, and reached down for it.

A hustler has to make quick decisions sometimes — and lord help me if I'm

wrong this time, I thought. I reached over with my foot — big and heavy in size 12D prison boots — and stepped hard on the back of his hand. He let out a combined gasp and groan, but kept it low so that nobody could hear.

I put more pressure on his hand. He didn't try to push me away, just kept making small dog noises, sort of whimpering, so I tried the final test. I reached down and under his chest with both hands, finding the little nipple mounds. Such a position brought me close to his head and I smelled the healthy male odor of his hair, with the faintest smell of sweat from his armpit. I shook my head to clear it, and then pinched each tit savagely and twisted it. He put his free hand up to try to throw me off, but I bore down harder with my foot on his hand, twisting his tits into a helix of pain, and then also twisting my heavy shoe the way you do to put out a match.

He gasped, a kind of strangled sob. "Oh — oh, please . . . please don't."

"Now you listen to me, dammit," I said, hard and low. "You're gonna do exactly what I say, aintcha?" I twisted his tits again.

"A-ah," he groaned. "Oh . . . yes."

"Say 'sir' to me," I said savagely, stepping on his hand hard enough to crack a bone.

A sharp yelp. "Ow-w," he said. "Yes sir!"

I took my foot off his hand. He picked it up and shook it and looked at it. His eyes were wet. "That hurt," he said.

I backhanded him across the cheek. Five months of the drudgery of prison were in the blow. "Just the beginning," I said happily. "You gonna behave?"

"Oh yes, Sir," he added hastily as I raised my arm. He started to get up. I pushed him. He was off balance and sprawled back on the cement. I swung my leg to stand over him, straddling his body. Then I reached for my belt and





started pulling it out of the loops. His eyes opened wide.

"Can't do a heluva lot in here," I said, snapping the belt-end out. "But we can manage a little. It's the thought that counts." I looked down at him. "How come you pull that shit about your cousin liking to be beat? You think I'm stupid?"

He shook his head, saying nothing. I slapped his face again. It rocked him. "Hey," I growled, "look up here at me."

He turned his face up. It was grimy where he'd wiped his dirty hand down at his tears. Just when he looked up I let fly a big gob of spit. It landed right between those heavy dark eyebrows.

"You son of a bitch," he said and started to wipe it off. I kicked his arm away with my foot. Got him right on the elbow's crazy-bone. He hollered.

"Leave it right there," I said. "I want to watch it run down your nose." It did, slowly, and dropped off the end of it.

The wonderful thing about finding a novice who's new to the rituals of S/M is the effectiveness of the tired old formulas on him — the use of "Sir," the use of "Master" and all the other hackneyed clichés of the preliminaries before you arrived at the sacred canon. My cop was a dandy acolyte, a quick pupil of the holy ceremony. Within five minutes he had learned how to crawl over to the stool where I was sitting, how to unlace prison

boots with his teeth and then to lick the dirty wool of my four-day old socks and how to take the socks off with the teeth even while I kept my heels pressed hard against the cement floor.

Then I moved the stool over to the side wall. He was still kneeling. "Now crawl over here," I ordered, "and suck my toes."

He came over painfully. His mobile handsome face was tormented. The sweat ran down from under his capbill. But he made no further move.

I lifted the belt. "Say 'Please, master, can I suck your toes?'"

He shook his head. I took the doubled belt and swung it against the side of his head. A small bright drop of blood welled out from the ear lobe. His eyes were shocked and startled. His fingers came away bloody from his ear.

"Please . . . don't hit me again," he said and then added "master."

Sheez, it was good to hear him say that! I could have stopped right there . . . revenge completed, my little lust-hate session satisfyingly ended. Or could I have stopped? I looked at his humbled broad-shouldered narrow-waisted body, and knew that the animal that lived below my belt would never be content until it had found a new cave to explore.

"Then . . . say it," I said harshly.

He did, almost in a whisper.

"Say it louder."

"Please master . . . may I suck your

toes?"

"Sure, pig," I said. "Go ahead and suck." I leaned back against the wall, rubbing my crotch with the heel of my palm. He bent down. His cap was still on. It started to slip off but I crushed it back into place. The badge bit into my thumb. I pushed his mouth down against my foot.

"Suck, pig," I growled. "Clean 'em off good — get all that toe-jam out from between. And breathe so I can hear you — don't hold your breath." I whacked him over the rump. He lurched forward a little. I took my other foot and rubbed his bloodied ear, and then pushed his head down with it.

I could tell he was excited. His toesucking was hardly a lazy drift of butterflies around the honey; it was more like a frenzied chomping as if he wanted to swallow the whole foot. But he kept his teeth to himself and just used his lips and tongue. It was grand, and a good toe-job always gives me a real hardon. Ole Betsy lengthened down my leg.

He finished with the first foot and looked up at me with wet black spaniel eyes.

The foot was shining and clean. Then I saw a small triangular black spot under one corner of the nail of my big toe. I reached down and dug it out with my thumb-nail — a small bit of black paste, full of my very favorite *bacilli feotidis*, formed from the accumulated sweat and dirt of not being able to shower in my hidey-hole. I rubbed it between thumb and forefinger and sniffed at the small black smear. It would have satisfied the most devoted foot fetishist.

"C'mere," I said. He was watching with alarm — and fascination. I reached over, put one hand at the back of his neck, and then carefully smeared the black paste on his upper lip, directly under his nostrils.

"Leave it there while you suck the other foot," I growled, "just so you'll be reminded of what you're doing."

He went to work again. His eyes were shut and he was breathing hard. I looked down at his crotch. He had a hardon, all right — and I had to resist wanting to reach out and take hold of it. It was a big piece of meat.

Watching his head twist and turn, feeling his tongue working between my toes, I began to sense the arrival of the kind of surge I hadn't felt for a long time — ultimate and complete power over another human being. It was insidiously attractive — it bloomed and flowered in my groin, and then spread to my arms and legs, almost like the feeling of ecstasy that comes with the orgasm. I felt my heart pounding, and my breath was short and shallow. Flames leaped to life in my armpits and around my balls, and a kind of mist formed in the corners of the room — my side-vision clouding and sparkling. And then the pounding — the blood? moved to my neck and head; I heard a rushing in my ears that almost drowned the noise of his sucking at my feet.

Then the moment passed. I shook my head, dizzy and panting with the surge. I looked down at the muscles of his broad shoulders moving under the tight dark blue shirt, the striped britches running

down to disappear under the shining black encasement of his boots. The handcuffs jingled a little at his belt.

If cops would only realize how many of us find them attractive, they'd never have to go horny again, and that stuff wouldn't have a chance to solidify in their vesicles. They could find an empty willing mouth on every park bench, an asshole in every alley — if they were in uniform . . .

"Hey, pig," I said suddenly. "That's enough. Time's a-wastin'."

I stood up. The floor was cold on my bare feet. I unbuttoned my pants and stepped out of them. Ole Betsy, freed from her cloth cage, sprang forth, up and out at an angle, the head drooling with a drop of moisture.

"Get on your feet," I said, and he did. "Now unbuckle your pants and drop 'em." He did, looking terrified. "The shorts, too."

His cock was as big as mine and just as hard. And sheez! the hair! It was thick and black. It ran up and down and crosswise, a black jungle on his legs and around his crotch.

"Now turn around," I said, "and bend over." The hair on his ass was not quite so thick. It lay in a kind of ducktail pattern pointing to his crack. His big balls hung heavy and swollen between his legs. "Grab your ankles," I said, "and keep quiet."

With that I swung the belt. It landed with a muffled crack across his ass. His breath whooshed out in a gasp, but he didn't holler. Then I waited. I watched the first pink of the broad welt appear, and saw it slowly turn redder and redder. Then I swung again . . . and again . . . and again. With each crack he jumped, and at last began to arch his back. A low moan hummed through the room. I moved to the side and pushed his head down again, and laid on more viciously — a real wood-chopper. I let the buckle work loose and it began to cut into him. That really brought blood — little drops splattering the floor. His dark shirt was plastered to his back, and his thighs glistened with sweat.

I banged at his ass until my arm was tired, and then stopped. He started to rise but I pushed him back. "Just stay there, pig," I said. "I ain't through yet."

I thought my cock was going to split its skin like a boiled tomato. The veins were standing out on it and the head was throbbing as if I'd just come. I worked up a big gob of spit and laid it on my fingers and then rubbed it all over the head and shaft of ole Betsy. Then I reached over and pulled the cheeks of his red ass apart (hot to the touch!), thumbs digging deeply into each side — and there it was, his rosy brown asshole right in the middle of that black hairy nest. You could even see that it was open from all the beating. I took aim and spit another gob at it. It landed high and crawled slowly down the crack. And just when it arrived I braced myself, spraddled my legs, and gave one heluva thrust. About two inches went in on that first big push. He let out a holler you could certainly have heard through the steel door. I cuffed him on his sore ear.

"Shut up!" I said, low and threaten-

ing. "You holler and get somebody here, it'll be worse for you than for me."

Then I started. None of that sissy vanilla lovemaking — I was all machine and piston and speedometer whirling. I rammed him for all I was worth, about two per second, and working it up faster and faster. The bumps I gave him from behind almost pushed him over, so I grabbed him with both hands at his waist and held him steady. And it wasn't long, what with all the prelims, the setting, his being a cop . . . the old feeling began to build up in me — through my legs and arms and groin and chest, and down my spine, and the light little red mist in front of the eyes, and then suddenly — wave after wave of pleasure over me, tingling, shimmering and flickering, and I felt myself shoot and shoot again far into him, until finally I half collapsed over him . . .

. . . but not for long. I straightened up, pulled out and walked over to the window ledge and sat down.

"Okay, pig," I said, "come here and get on your knees. My cock was still hard, a thing that's always made me fun for the boys to have around — it takes about ten minutes to deflate. I relaxed on the ledge, pushing my ass forward so that my cock was standing straight up. He came

towards me, his eyes on my rod. It was clean enough, but it smelled. He kneeled.

"There it is, buddy," I said. "Hot from your own ass. Now lick it off nice so's it's nice and shiny."

I reached over and pressed down on his cap but he resisted. I whacked him with the belt and then pushed again. He squinched his eyes tight shut and took a dive, his mouth open. My cock poked him right beside the nose. I guided it over into his mouth. He gagged. I pushed harder and finally he took it all inside.

Once it was in he didn't seem to mind so much. I watched his own cock and reached one foot up to rub over it. With my cock still in his mouth he groaned and twisted. But if he thought I was going to help him launch his rocket, man, he had it all wrong.

Then I reached down and grabbed his ears and said, "Okay, hold still a minute now. Just hold the head of it in your mouth. It feels good that way," I added, more to keep my plans from him than anything else.

And then I started to think of waterfalls and fountains and rain on the roof — and it didn't take long. I was all ready for his efforts to break away when he felt the first warm gush of piss into his mouth. He fought pretty hard, but I clamped



both legs around his neck and used both hands and held him so he couldn't move. Gradually he stopped fighting.

"Take it easy, old shit-can," I said. "Don't fight or you'll gag and choke. You splatter a single drop on me and you'll be damned sorry. Just keep swallowing."

Then there wasn't any sound in the cell except that gulping as each mouthful went down.

Finally I was empty. I uncrossed my legs and lowered them and sat looking at him, half smiling. He was red in the face and looked unhappy.

"Whatsamatter, pig?" I smirked at him. "You're a pretty good fuck. This ought to be a red-letter day for you — you found out why guys like to be beat. And had a con's feet in your mouth and his cock up your ass and swallowed your own shit and washed it all down with a pint of mineral salts. That's healthy. You'll grow big and strong. So what's wrong?"

He shook his head numbly from side to side. "I gotta come," he said. "I just gotta." He reached down and took hold of his cock.

I almost did too. I wanted to, but I didn't. "G'wan," I said, "beat it off. I'll watch you. Want me to spit on it?"

He nodded. I spit in the general direction of its swollen redness.

Damn, he must have been hot. When the spit hit him, in the pubic hair, he arched his back and jerked his hips forward and started to come. I jumped out of the way just in time. I thought he'd never stop — big thick white gobs of it shooting out in arcs, landing in puddles all over the floor. Finally it stopped, dribbling in a long thin filament from the cockhead and landing on his black leather boot. I pretended I was disgusted.

"Look at what you done, pig," I said. "Lookit that gyzym all over my nice cell floor." I frowned. "Well," I said, swinging my belt, "there's your dessert, kiddo. Get down and lick it all up, every last goddamn drop. Otherwise what'll they think I been doin' in here all alone?"

He got down and did it — licked it all up. I thought once or twice he was going to puke. And then he pulled himself together, dusted off his knees the best he could and started to leave.

It was then I saw the black plastic name tag pinned to his dark blue shirt. It read "R. Lystenbee."

The name electrified me.

The warden was startled when I requested an audience with his holiness. He was even more amazed when I told him I'd met his son and knew him well. We exchanged pleasantries, and he said he would do his best to see about a release for me. I told him I would appreciate a pardon more than parole, and somehow he was able to manage it, politics being what they are. Lystenbee was an old and honored name in the state, and I never asked how the warden managed to pull off his minor miracle, getting my six years cut to six months.

But I was very happy about it all.

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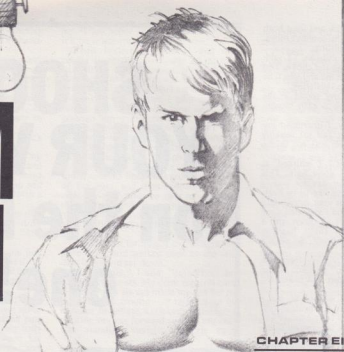


S&M GYM

By G.B. Misa



Harry Bush



CHAPTER EIGHT

THE FOURTH SLAVE

I decided not to sweat it as I watched the golden boy of baseball jam his arm into the tiny butt of Percival, who almost looked bored. God damn! The eighteen year old (he looked twelve) could really take it. Rip Powell's arm slammed home . . . all the way to the elbow and then slowly up higher to his bulging bicep. I jerked at the leash of my new slave, Alastair Ames. The son of a bitch looked incongruous, sitting on his haunches, wearing a leather jock strap and holding a brief case.

"Bark, Fido!" I commanded. He made a valiant attempt but he sounded like a Pekinese. "Lap Rip's ass!"

The seven foot giant crawled on all fours toward the golden boy of baseball. Quickly he jerked at Tip's blue bikini, exposing his muscular, golden ass. His hands spread the cheeks wide and his huge tongue obediently began to lap at the puckered hole. And still he gripped tightly the brief case with the mortgage papers.

I was beginning to get a hardon. "Hey, Rip, let's tie down the giant fucker. Maybe both of us can get our arms up him at the same time!"

"Sounds, great, man!" Rip was trying hard to get his arm all the way up the kid to the shoulder. Beads of perspiration ran down his golden forehead.

I saw movement in the gym mirror and I whirled but I was too late. Killer was greased lightning and the next second I felt the pain in my jaw and I was grabbing at the red rug. I blinked my eyes, trying to focus them. When I finally did, I saw her. Yep, Rip Powell had been dead right. Killer's dumb broad wife was standing in the doorway and she was looking like she had looked the first time I saw her . . . bored as hell. She was chewing on her gum ferociously. She strutted to an exercise bench and pulled out a copy of the National Enquirer from her purse. "Killer, dija hear 'bout the chain saw murder in Great Falls, Montana?"

Ignoring her remark, Killer strode to the center of the gym, shaking his head. "Shit," he grunted. "When the master's away the fuckin' slaves'll play!"

I had to admit it was an unusual sight. In fact, it was a kind of table. Rip's arm motionless, up to the elbow in Percival's ass, the giant's tongue an inch away from Rip's golden bumphole.

Killer was wearing slacks and a t-shirt and yet I couldn't help but admire his body. I could almost feel the power of his perfection. 225 pounds of rock hard muscle packed on a six foot three frame. His hand pushed at his thick black hair as he

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stood over the threesome. Then he bent down, staring hard at the carpet.

"You got fuckin' Crisco all over my new carpet, you dumb asshole!" He kicked Rip on the side of the head. "D'ya know how much this motherfucker cost?"

"Sorry, boss!" Rip pulled his arm out of the ass of Percival. It gleamed under the neon of the gym. "I'll get the cleaning stuff right away!" Hurriedly he pulled on his shorts and ran toward the locker room. As usual, one of his golden balls slipped out of the blue bikini.

Mrs. Killer McKenna was in a different world. She looked up from the Enquirer and smiled sweetly. "Honey, did you read about the axe killing in North Carolina? Each limb was placed in plastic bags."

"Big fuckin' deal!" Killer turned to me and the seven foot giant, Alastair Ames. He almost smiled as he looked at the dog collar around his neck and the leash lying on the floor. "You brought him back, huh, Georgie?"

I could tell Killer was almost in a good mood. He had called me GEORGIE. "Yes, sir!"

"Did he bring the mortgage papers?"

"Yes sir. In the brief case!"

"Good work, Georgie Porgie!"

I could hardly believe my ears. It was the first compliment Killer had ever given me. I wasn't quite sure how I felt about it. I'd become so accustomed to Killer chewing me out and beating the shit out of me that I almost felt uncomfortable with his praise.

"What in hell do you call this fuckin' dog?"

"Fido, sir!"

Killer moved closer to the seven foot millionaire. "Okay, sign the fuckin' papers. I ain't got all night."

"No."

The word seemed to bounce off the mirrored walls of the gym. I couldn't quite believe my ears. Killer's mouth fell open. I'm sure that no one had ever said NO to my rugged master before. I waited for the explosion. I knew there was no way that the seven foot giant could handle the unleashed fury of Killer McKenna. I waited and waited but nothing happened.

There was just a touch of a smile on Killer's sensual mouth. His blond wife seemed to be oblivious to everything that was coming down. She must've found a double chain saw murder of Killer McKenna. I waited and waited but nothing happened. She was chewing her gum rapidly. Now Killer reached because she was chewing her gum rapidly. Now Killer reached for his belt buckle. I was positive that he was going to beat the shit out of his landlord. Instead Killer unzipped his fly and then he dropped his pants. My heart quickened, even though I couldn't see the outline of his dick. He wore baggy striped shorts like some square from the mid-west. Somehow the baggy shorts turned me on even more.

I almost shot my load as he pulled down the baggy shorts and his monster dick flopped out. It wasn't even hard but it was the most perfectly formed cock I'd ever seen. Then he pulled off his t-shirt. I gulped, breathing hard. No matter how many times I'd seen Killer McKenna naked it was always an electric shock that smashed at my body. He had a more defined build than Arnold Schwarzenegger and his thick black hair contrasted with his milk white skin that was as smooth as a baby's ass. His large sky blue eyes stared steadily at the seven foot giant who was lying on the floor. Now Killer grabbed his monster dick and he slowly pulled the foreskin back, revealing a wet satiny knobhead. Christ, I was dribbling in my pants, my eyes glued to the black panther that writhed on Killer's magnificent bicep. I wanted to crawl over to him and lick his feet. I wanted to adore him forever. I also wanted him to shove his arm up my ass.

Alastair, or Fido, was mesmerized. I was sure his eyes were going to fall out of his head as he stared at the fat ten inches swinging between Killer's legs.

"Sign the fuckin' papers!" Killer's baritone voice was a bare whisper.

"No!" It was as if Alastair was talking to Killer's prick. He gulped, and a dribble of saliva fell to his chin. The son of a bitch was drooling over Killer's cock. I can't say that I blamed him.

Killer moved a step closer, his legs spread wide, his thick thigh muscles tensed. A trickle of sweat ran down his belly to his hairy crotch. "Taste it, Fido!" Killer's sky blue eyes twinkled. "It's better than Kal-Kan."

There was dead silence except for the rattling of the Enquirer by the dumb blond. Then the gaint's tongue moved for-

ward, flicking at Killer's pisshole. I thought Killer would piss all over him . . . subdue him that way. But old Killer was one step ahead of me. Slowly, almost tenderly his fingers pushed at the giant's mouth, prying it open. Finally Alastair gave in to his feelings. He let out a scream and wrapped his arms around Killer's muscular butt and the monster dick disappeared down his throat. Killer grabbed him by the hair and jammed it all the way down his throat. Then Killer had him by the ears and was giving him a royal face fucking. Again Killer grabbed Alastair by the hair but this time he jerked his dick out of his mouth.

Slowly he walked over to me, his dick bouncing against his leg. I could hardly breathe. All I could see was his gorgeous dick getting closer and closer to my mouth.

"You want to nibble on it, Georgie?" His Irish eyes were smiling.

I couldn't help myself. I could actually smell his hot dick. Gritting my teeth, I let out a low moan and shot off in my pants, my body jerking spasmodically.

Killer ran his hand through my hair as he roared with laughter. "Shit, Georgie, I was really gonna let you suck on my dick . . . lick my balls and work on my asshole with that tongue of yours but since you shot off in your pants . . . well . . . what can I say, kid?"

In that instant I felt like killing the Killer. The rotten son of a bitch! How could he torture me like this? Especially after all I'd done for him. After all, when I'd first started working at the Killer McKenna Gym it was a big flop. I was the one who had made it a paying proposition. I was the one who made it possible to buy all the new gym equipment. I was the one who had brought back the landlord with a dog collar around his neck and the mortgage papers in his brief case. Even if he hadn't signed them yet.

Killer moved closer. I could smell the sweaty man-smell coming from his enormous half-hard dick. There was just a touch of smegma oozing out from the foreskin. "Georgie, it's two and a half weeks before the Mr. Bay Area Contest."

"Exactly eighteen days, sir!"

"You win the title and you get the Killer for the night. I might even fist fuck you if you're a good boy."

He started to turn away but then he stopped. I was staring at the profile of his beautiful cock. "If you're really good I'll get out my branding iron from when I worked as a cowpoke and put my initials on your ass!"

I grabbed at the red carpet as the gym tilted crazily. I was sure my heart had stopped completely. Just the thought of totally being the property of Killer McKenna almost made me shoot off again. I finally managed to speak. "Is that a promise, sir?"

He turned around his eyes glinting. I could see the blood surge into his dick, making it enormous. I gulped, realizing it was turning him on . . . the idea of branding me! "That's a promise, Georgie Porgie!" The satiny head of his dick was dribbling.

Now Killer was back to Alastair. Brutally he jammed it down Alastair's throat. After about ten seconds Killer pulled it out. His hands gripped the giant's hair, holding his dick an inch away from the hungry mouth. "You want this hot load, cocksucker?"

"Yes, sir!"

"Not before you sign the fuckin' papers!"

"Not right this second. Let me suck it! Ple . . . ase?"

"The papers, you fucker!"

Alastair was motionless, just staring at the huge prong and then he was opening the brief case. A moment later he signed the papers and handed them to Killer. I heaved a sigh of relief. The gym was now the exclusive property of Killer McKenna. I felt a surge of pride as Killer walked over to his wife, waving the papers. "The gym belongs to me, Victoria."

Victoria? Shit, the peroxide blonde was no Victoria. She looked like a Tessie or a Bubbles, but no Victoria. She glanced at me with her bored eyes. "Did you know that Jackie O has a new high protein diet? I'm going to try it!"

But I guess she wasn't as dumb as she looked. She knew about the community property rights in California. She snatched the legal paper from Killer and quickly put it in her purse.

The giant was furious. "Ah . . . sir! What about me? I signed the papers giving this gym to you. You promised me your hot load, sir!"

"If you're a good doggie I might fart in your face. Don't dogs like smelly farts?" He thought it was funny. "And, anyway, animals don't talk so shut your fuckin' yap!"

Rip was leaning against the parallel bars. He evidently thought Killer was funny because he was bent double, giggling. "What the fuck is so funny?" Killer's eyes were like laser beams of anger.

"Sorry, sir!"

Rip Powell, the golden boy of baseball. If only his adoring fans could see him now, the slave of Killer McKenna. He reminded me of Steve Garvey of the Los Angeles Dodgers, the star first baseman that was nicknamed Mr. Clean. Only Rip was taller and better looking. What I really loved about Rip was his white ass that contrasted with his golden tan. His buns were twin mounds of solid muscle that somehow had their own gravitational law that made them stand at attention.

I felt a stab of despair as I realized that Killer had added another slave to his stable as I saw the hypnotized glaze in Alastair Ames' eyes. Christ, his mouth was half open and he was drooling. His eyes riveted on Killer's half hard on and he was drooling. His eyes riveted on Killer's half hard on and he was drooling.

For the first time I saw Killer on his knees but it wasn't in front of a guy. It was Victoria. Eagerly she turned a page of the *National Enquirer* as he pushed at her skirt and pulled down her black (Fredrick's of Hollywood) panties, which had the hand of a man embroidered right over the crotch. Killer buried his head in her pussy and he made loud slurpy noises. He was bent over, his big ass facing me and I desperately wanted to bury my face between those beautiful buns. Finally Killer picked up Victoria with one arm. Holding her lightly he lay back on the thick red rug, placing her in a sitting position on his face. After a moment he came up for air.

"Stop reading that dumb assed paper!" he snarled.

"I just finished, dear. It was about a beheading in..."

"Shut the fuck up!"

"Sorry, Snookums!" She closed her eyes and then she began to undulate her body, pressing her snatch into his eager mouth. I was an expert Killer watcher and I'd never seen his dick get this big. It just seemed to swell and swell and swell. The top heavy knob looked twice its regular size. He was drooling all over his washboard stomach. If only I could lick it off but it wasn't my night.

Killer's voice was muffled. "What a fuckin' cunt... table eatin' stuff... yeah," he moaned.

"Oh, on my clit... fantastic... ooooooh!" Victoria murmured.

Killer came up for air. "Fido, it's time for your liquid diet!"

He didn't have to call Alastair Ames twice. In a second the millionaire crawled across the red carpet and Killer's swollen prick disappeared down his hungry throat. Now Victoria grabbed Killer's face and was pushing it hard against her cunt.

"Eat it, Killer, eat it... I'm... I'm..."

AGGGHHH FUCK... MMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMM

LGH... SHIT... LUGAMMMMMMMMMMMMMMM

"Give me that sweet pussy juice! Give it to me!"

Their voices intermingled into a cacophony of sexual release. Killer's arm shot out, slamming Fido's head all the way onto his swollen prick and the giant gagged as the hot cum squirted out of the side of his mouth onto the new red rug.

It was too much for me. I couldn't watch any more. I closed my eyes. If I hadn't I would've shot my third load into my already sopping wet blue jeans. My mind whirled backward to the north side of Pittsburgh and Dirt Drage. His real name was Dennis but he had a reputation for being dirty on the football field so they called him Dirt.

I was a freshman at Latimer High School when I first saw Dirt. I'd excused myself from Algebra One (I'd flunked twice) to go to the john to jerk off. At this period in my life I was whacking it off two or three times a day, but when I got to the john I saw Dirt for the first time. Legs spread wide, hands on hips, he was jetting a thick stream of yellow piss into the clean white urinal. Instantly my heart skipped a beat. I found out later that Dirt was only 17 years old but he looked at least twenty-one. I could tell he was a street kid who knew the score and once I'd seen his switchblade fall out of his leather boot.

Dirt wasn't tall, in fact, you could call him Shorty... if you had the guts. He wasn't an inch over five feet seven but his body was packed with 200 pounds of rock hard muscle. As I

watched him piss out of the corner of my eye it looked as if half of his 200 pounds was concentrated in his dick. I gulped as he shook the big fat thing and shoved it into his pants.

Dirt was Latimer High's star fullback and he went through the opposing line like a bowling ball. On Saturday afternoons I'd sit in the stands with a raging hard on, watching Dirt not only score the winning touchdown but destroy the other team. After Dirt played for Latimer for a year all the opposing teams began using face guards because Dirt was an expert at gouging out eyes, breaking noses and knocking out teeth. He was also great at breaking arms and legs and fucking up knees.

I was a hopeless long distance admirer of Dirt. He was the campus celebrity with a crowd around him wherever he went. But when I became a sophomore things began to change. I began to cover sports for the school paper and everything was DIRT DRAGO. Even when he had a bad day I managed to make him the hero. I just couldn't help it, I was so crazy about the guy.

As long as I live I'll never forget the day I actually met my hero. I'd gone to the locker room to get my dirty gym shorts when Dirt strutted out of the shower completely naked. I think my heart stopped beating for a second. How many times had I beaten my meat dreaming of Dirt's cock in my mouth or rammed brutally up my ass? Every single day since the first time I saw him. He started to walk by me but suddenly he stopped, swaying backwards on the balls of his feet. He smiled, showing big, even teeth. His lips were big, sensual.

"You George Misa?"

"Ah... I... think... ah... I..."

"Shit, man, you don't know who you are?"

An almost girlish giggle escaped my throat and I blushed with embarrassment. "I'm George," I managed to say.

Like all jocks with terrific physiques his hands were all over his body, touching his pectoral muscles, moving down to his flat, defined stomach, finally grabbing at his fat dick.

"You sure you're George?" There was a twinkle in his eye.

I was beet red and I felt like a silly school girl. "Shit, yeah!"

Still Dirt was pulling at his fat, soft dick. I tried to pull my eyes away from it but I couldn't. I was on the verge of tears and I wanted to turn around and run.

"Shit, even if you can't talk worth a fuck you can write up a storm, George! That was a great story you did on me. Thanks a lot, kid!"

"Ah... er... I... ah..."

"Plant you now, dig you later, George!"

GEORGIE... GEORGIE... GEORGIE... he was calling me GEORGIE. I was Dirt's friend... he really liked me but still I couldn't talk. "I... ah... I..."

He laughed again, gave me a friendly punch on the arm and moved to his locker. Just as his arm hit my shoulder I shot my load in my shorts and I turned away, scared to death he'd pick up on my intense desire for his gladiator's body. Knees shaking I sat down on a bench, my eyes hungrily eating up his big muscular ass with the thick black hair around his bunghole. He was gone in a few minutes but it took me twenty minutes before my legs were steady enough to get my dirty gym shorts and head for home. That night I jerked off over Dirt three times before I finally fell asleep.

For the next year I admired Dirt from a distance. Every time he'd talk to me I'd get tongue tied and red in the face. I felt like it was a hopeless situation. Dirt was now a senior and I knew if I didn't make my move Dirt Drago would graduate and I'd never see him again. I didn't think I had a chance in a million as the stories about Dirt Drago and his prowess with the girls was all over the campus. I'd heard stories about orgies... Dirt with six girls and satisfying all of them.

Then I got my big break. The editor of the school paper assigned me to interview Dirt right after the final game of the year... the big one with Emerson High. "Even if he isn't the big hero of the game, get a good interview with him. He's had a bonafide offer from the University of Southern California. A full football scholarship!"

The locker room was full of pandemonium and the smell of dirty socks and jock straps. Dirt had scored the winning touchdown with one minute left on the clock. Besides that he'd destroyed half of the Emerson team. All of his teammates were clustered around him when I stumbled into the locker room and it was a long time before I got near the hero of Saturday afternoon. When I finally got next to him he was

drinking a beer. I knew it was against regulations. The coach was standing a few feet away from Dirt but he didn't dare say a word.

He winked at me. "Hang around, Georgie! I'll give you that interview in a little while." He threw his arm around me.

"That's a . . . a . . . con . . . grad . . ."
"Hey, man, I saw you shootin' the shit with a couple dudes the other day and you wasn't stuttering. How come?"

"I . . . ah . . . I . . ."
"How the fuck you gonna interview me?" There was a strange look on Dirt's face. Was he picking up on the fact that I was so hot for his body that I was tongue tied? I sat down on shaky legs, taking a deep breath.

Ten minutes later the locker room was empty, except for Dirt and his closest buddy, Mick Ryan. Mick was quarterback, a big, brawny Irishman with green eyes and a dimple in his chin. He was almost as dirty on the football field as Dirt Drago. Mick let go with a big fart and headed for the showers.

Dirt and I were alone in the locker room. Dirt took off his jersey with the big number 1 and then undid his shoulder pads. I sat on the bench trembling, looking at the cold concrete. But I couldn't keep my eyes off him for another second. Now he was stripped down to his sweaty kick strap, and his crotch was bulging. He reached down and pulled out a plastic cup. All athletes wore it for protection against a knee in the balls. He threw it at me, grinning.

"Here's a souvenir for you, Georgie!"
My heart beat faster. Did he know about me? "I . . . ah . . . I . . ."

"So what do you want to know about the great Dirt Drago?"

I gulped, unable to answer. Slowly and deliberately he pulled off his kick strap. His fat prong glistened with the sweat of the football field. Now he moved toward me, his dick bouncing against his leg. I wondered if Dirt was putting me through some kind of a test. Summoning all my will power I pulled my eyes away from his gorgeous dick. His body was sopping wet and I concentrated on a trickle of sweat running down his chest . . . meandering to his belly button. The smell of the victorious gladiator filled my nostrils. My eyes couldn't stop at his belly button. Still his leg was on the bench and his fat piece of meat two inches away from my mouth. I gulped, almost passing out. He was getting a hard on. Inexorably his dick moved toward my face as the rest of his body was motionless. Suddenly the satin smooth head touched my chin. It was like a caress . . . a hot and sticky caress. Still I was frozen in a kind of ecstasy and fear. But his drooling cockhead didn't stop at my chin. Finally it barely grazed my lower lip. Without realizing what I was doing, my tongue flicked out, compulsively licking at the drool on the fat knob. I jerked my head away, my body shaking.

I expected him to grab me by the ears and shove his dick down my throat but instead he plopped onto the metal bench, his fat prick bouncing against his stomach.

"My socks!" He held up a foot. "Take off my socks!"

I looked into his steel grey eyes finding the authority for his command. It was indented in his face, the thrust out pugnaic chin, the slightly turned up nose. Dirt Drago was a leader, the captain of the team.

His level gaze made me feel comfortable. Dirt had given me an order and quickly I obeyed him. I guess I wasn't quite sure what I wanted to do because after I took off his thick athletic socks I held them tightly against my chest.

"Smell 'em . . . go on!" His voice was low, a kind of sexual command.

I didn't need a second order. I buried my face in his sweaty socks and reaching down, I grabbed my cock. It was so hard it was hurting.

He lay back on the bench and shoved one of his big feet into my face. "Clean 'em . . . and get between the toes!"

As my tongue cleaned between his toes my eyes ate up his power packed body. His calves were huge, out of proportion with the rest of his body. His thighs were as big as hams and there were scars and bruises all over them. He raised one leg and his giant balls hung low, almost covering his pink asshole. I wanted to lick all of him, from his toes to his neck, clean off the sweat of victory from his gladiator's physique.

"Go ahead, Georgie!" His voice was sex charged and it sent fire down my spine. It was like he was reading my mind. "Lick me clean!"

My tongue had gone all the way up his legs and I was about to swallow his fat prick when he puts his arms behind his neck and I saw the glistening silky hairs of his armpits, sopping wet. I buried my face in the next of hair, inhaling, drinking in the delicious man-smell. My mouth sucked at the fine hair. Then my tongue moved to the hollow of his neck.

He pushed my head away. "Below the neck, Georgie!" Then he stood up, his fat dick waving in the air. "On your knees, where you belong!"

Now he grabbed my head with both of his calloused hands and slammed his dick down my throat. At that very second Mick Ryan, the big brawny Irishman burst into the locker room from the shower. When he saw Dirt fucking me in the face he dropped his towel and his mouth fell open.

"You crazy mother fucker! You gotta be outta your head! What if Coach Lombardo came in here right now?"

Dirt's huge scarred legs were spread wide. Now he was holding me by the ears. "I've always thought maybe the Coach could go for a good blow job. I know his old lady don't give him no head!"

Out of the corner of my eye I could see the brawny Irishman's dick begin to grow. He was very light skinned and I could see a blue-green vein pulsing rapidly on the shaft that ended with a knobhead that was red . . . almost angry red.

"Well, shit, I . . ." He was about a foot away from us. Quickly Dirt grabbed Mick by his dong and yanked him closer, then put the head of Mick's dick into my mouth. His other hand shoved at Mick's ass, and his prong was down my throat.

"You gotta do the rest, Mick!" He laughed.

He didn't have to worry. Mick was like a rabbit. It seemed like I had his dick in my mouth for about two seconds when he shot his creamy load down my throat. I didn't have time to swallow because Dirt had his dick in my mouth and a second later I caught his tremendous load. It was like a fountain and I almost gagged on it. I shot off in my blue jeans.

"Shit, Dirt, we shouldn't've done it!" Mick complained.

Dirt slapped him on the back. "It's the best way to do it, man! When we get over there you can get your money's worth. Take your time and have a nice slow fuck!"

Mick looked at Dirt with admiration. "God damn, Dirt, you think of everything!"

Dirt patted me on the head. "You can get off your knees now, Georgie. But we gotta keep you around . . . especially after the Bowl game."

Mick grinned. "Right on, man. The whole team's goin' to the whorehouse, right?"

Dirt smiled at me. He had a dimple. "Georgie, you think you can take care of the whole team?"

I looked him right in the eye. "Only four guys on the team I want to blow, Dirt!"

Dirt winked at Mick. "This cocksucker's choosy. Got a mind of his own. But we better take it easy with him . . . after all, he is a member of the press!"

"And a great cocksucker!" Mick said.

Yeah, I've always had a 'thing' for big stud football players. Yeah, when I was in high school it was Dirt Drago and now it was Killer McKenna. I pulled my mind away from the past and tried to concentrate on what was coming down in the gym.

I could tell that Killer was about ready to shoot off his load into the giant's mouth. Quickly he kicked him away and threw Victoria's legs over his shoulders and slammed his ten inches of uncut dick up her twat. His asshole puckered as he shot his load deep into her guts. Christ, he'd come twice in about five minutes. I could hardly wait for the Mr. Bay Area Contest to be over so I could have Killer for the night. I was going to make him come ten times!

He pulled out quickly and stood up. Now Killer moved toward me. Of all the men I've met in my twenty-one years on the planet Earth I've never met a stud to compare to Killer McKenna. He was my fantasy come true.

His hands were on his hips. His sky blue eyes twinkled as he looked down at me. "You've been a good boy!" he said.

"Ah . . . thank you, sir!"

"I'm gonna give you a break. Lick off the pussy juice!"

"Yes, master!"

CONTINUED NEXT MONTH

CONGRATULATIONS... YOU'RE UNDER ARREST!

BY JOHN SAUL

There are many among us (let's face it) who enjoy the seamier side of gay life: the parks, the tearooms, and the peep shows. They find a sense of adventure in doing their cruising in public, not to mention their scoring. If you are one of these people, this article is meant for you. If you are not one of these people, but are considering becoming one, this article will give you some idea of the risks involved and what can happen to you. If you sneer at the whole parks and tearooms scene, don't bother to read any further. This article is intended to give practical advice, not to condemn.

WHAT ARE THE CHANCES OF YOUR BEING ARRESTED?

This depends largely on you. If you are the sort of person who likes to be aggressive, likes to walk right up to a good-looking guy and make a proposition or cop a feel, your chances of getting arrested are very great. The police do not send toads out to lure gay people. If they did, the arrest rate would be very poor indeed. If, however, you are at the other end of the spectrum, and will never make the first move, your chances of being arrested fall considerably.

Contrary to popular belief, entrapment is not a particularly common occurrence. (Entrapment, for the record, is any action on the part of an officer that encourages the commission of a crime. This is not an easy thing to prove either way, but at the same time it is a serious offense for an officer to entrap someone. Consequently, it is seldom done.) If you remain on your guard, watch and listen carefully, you can avoid cops. Be aware that there is a difference between entrapment and a trap. If an officer offers you twenty dollars to suck his cock, that is entrapment. If, on the other hand, he simply asks you where he can get his cock sucked, and you volunteer to do it, you are trapped. The distinction is that he did not, in the second instance, proposition you. He simply asked for information. You did the propositioning.

Another distinction. You are standing at a urinal. A good-looking number steps up to the urinal next to you, opens his fly, and begins playing with himself. When you make a move, he arrests you. That is entrapment. Now let's change the circumstances, but just slightly. There you are again, standing at the urinal. The good-looking number comes up next to you, and just stands there. You assume

he's scared. To show him you are "okay" you begin to play with yourself. You are arrested. (The charge will be masturbating in a public place.) You were not entrapped, legally. That officer did not lead you to believe he was interested in sex with you, even though you may have thought he did.

HOW CAN YOU SPOT A DANGEROUS SITUATION?

First, count the number of people present. If there is no one but you and your prospect in sight, chances are you are safe. Vice officers like to travel in pairs, as it is much easier to get a conviction to a witnessed crime than an unwitnessed one. If you see another nice-looking number lurking in the area, put your guard up very high.

Second, listen very carefully to what is said, and how it is said. Vice officers love to ask us "what we like to do." If you answer that you dig sucking cock and getting fucked, you are in trouble, particularly if you have previously suggested that the two of you get together sometime (which is what usually leads to the "What do you like to do?" question). If, on the other hand, you are very clever and allow as how you are into bridge and volleyball, you will more than likely net yourself a pained look and a loss of interest. This may lose you an occasional trick, but it will save you a lot of grief.

Remember that there is safety in numbers, especially if all the numbers are doing each other. In other words, if you come across a public orgy, and the cops aren't hauling people away, you might as well join in. The odds are that if anything were going to happen, it already would have. If there are a lot of people around, and no one is doing anything, don't be the one to start the balls rolling. If the cops are there, they might take everybody in, but it's you who is going to get the morals charge.

WHAT IF YOU GET ARRESTED?

First, keep calm and keep quiet. You do not have to say anything, you have the right to a lawyer, and anything you say can (and will) be used against you.

Do not try to run. You don't stand a chance of getting away, and the cops don't like to have to chase you. It gets them mad, and they are likely to get tough. No marks will be on you, but you will be in pain for days afterward.

You will be handcuffed, put in a car,

and taken to the police station to be booked. This process, depending on the area you are in and the time of day, can take twenty minutes or four hours. At some point, you will be given the opportunity to use the telephone. It may happen during the booking procedure, it may not happen until after you are photographed, fingerprinted, charged, and searched. If you are afraid it is not going to happen, ask the officer who is booking you. (You will find, generally, that the booking officer is much kinder to you than the arresting officers. He will usually answer your questions, and try to put you at your ease.)

When you make your call (or calls; most departments will allow you more than one if you need them) remember that your prime object is to get out of jail. Therefore, if you have a lawyer, call him. If you do not, call a friend or relative whom you know to be both sympathetic and reliable. Tell them where you are, that they should arrange bail, and that they may find out what the charge is and how much the bail is by calling the police department. If none of these options are open to you, call H.E.L.P. (see Listings) if you are a member. Or a bondsman. Do not plan to sit in jail until you are arraigned or released on your own recognizance. This can be both dangerous and detrimental to your case.

After the booking procedure, you will be put in a cell (by yourself or with a cell mate) or tank (with up to fifty other people). Do not talk about your case. If someone wants to know why you are there, make up a story. Unless you get off on being raped, do not, under any circumstances, admit to your cell mates that you are there on a gay moral charge. (In some cities, you may wind up in the "queen's tank.") This is for your own protection, and you are much safer than you would be in another tank. Still, do not talk about your case. You don't know who is listening, or whom you are talking to.)

Now sit, or sleep, and wait. Unless you are a total deadbeat with no friends and relations, you will be bailed out in a matter of hours. Some people experience a strange feeling of security in jail — the knowledge that you don't have to do a damned thing, and you will be fed, clothed, and sheltered. If this happens to you, don't worry about it, it is simply

your mind protecting you from an otherwise untenable situation.

YOU DO NOT ALWAYS NEED A LAWYER FOR A MORALS CHARGE

Lawyers are very expensive. Most of us do not have much money. The government knows this. Thus, there is a pool of lawyers in every state that is available to you. You can find them in the Office of the Public Defender. In the private sector, there is the Legal Aid Society, among others. Information about legal services for the destitute can usually be gotten from local welfare offices or other governmental sources.

Even if you can afford a lawyer, you may not need one, depending on the seriousness of the charge and the nature of the offense. If you are arrested for something you didn't do, by all means get a lawyer. If, however, you are arrested for something you DID do, and are interested in getting off as lightly as possible, you might want to handle it yourself, at least in the early stages. Before you are tried, in most cases you will be arraigned. At this point, your guilt is not established. You are informed of the nature of the charge against you and asked how you plead. If you plead guilty, sentence will be imposed on the spot. If you plead not guilty, a trial date will be set. At this point, you can talk to somebody. Tell the judge that you do not have an attorney, and that you would like to talk to one before pleading. If there is a Public Defender in the courtroom, you will be referred to him. If there is not, you can talk to the prosecutor. The prosecutor cannot give you legal advice, so don't bother to ask him for any. He can tell you what you will get if you plead guilty, and he can bargain with you for a guilty plea in exchange for a lesser charge (and, hence, a lesser penalty). Because court calendars are crowded, plea bargaining is commonplace. The court would often rather have you plead guilty to a lesser charge than have to go through with a full-scale trial.

If you can live with what the prosecutor offers you, plead guilty and forget it. If you can't, then get a lawyer, after pleading "not guilty." Remember, it doesn't cost you anything to see what you can do for yourself, and it may save you a lot of money.

HOW WILL THE ARREST AFFECT YOUR LIFE?

This depends, to a great degree, on the nature of the offense and the outcome. If you are arrested and not convicted, that will be pretty much the end of it. Employers are often interested in convictions; it is very rare that you will be asked about arrests that did not result in a conviction.

A felony conviction is much more severe than a misdemeanor conviction. Among other things, a felony conviction can result in loss of certain civil rights (including the right to vote). Certain misdemeanor convictions, on the other hand, can, after a certain period of time, be expunged from the record entirely, leaving your record totally clean. How your record will affect your life, then, depends on the nature of the record, and the nature of your life. If you have a

national-security-related job, and you are convicted of felony child molestation, don't count on holding on to your job. On the other hand, if you are a bit actor and you get picked up for making a pass at a vice officer, who cares?

WHAT ABOUT APPLYING FOR JOBS?

If you have a conviction record, you might or might not want to admit to it on the job application. If you are applying for a job with a governmental agency, read the application form carefully to see what the penalties are for being less than truthful. Do not leave yourself open to a

fine or imprisonment. If the worst that can happen is that lying on the application may be grounds for dismissal, it is often wise to take a chance. Once you have proven yourself on the job, the employer will be inclined to overlook a minor omission on an application form. The guideline here is relevance. Is your criminal record relevant to the job you are applying for? If you are applying for a job in a bank, and you were arrested for picking someone up in a park, don't mention it. You are still bondable, and

Continued on page 80

Jack Fritscher



ASS-LICKIN' GOOD
COMICS
PRESENTS

HARRY CHESSE VS. THE PYTHON BY A. JAY

IN OUR LAST BLAST, A CAPTIVE HARRY WAS ABOUT TO CHOKE ON THE PYTHON'S 32½ INCH THICK DICK, BUT WAS RESCUED IN THE VERY NICK OF TIME BY HIS TWO FUGG CRONIES, RANCID AGNEW AND MICKEY MUSCLE. THE PYTHON, THE VERY HORNY HEAVY (OR TO PUT IT BLUNTLY... A BADASS, NASTY MOTHERFUCKIN' NO-NO!) WAS KNOCKED SENSELESS IN THE MELEE BY A CRACK ON THE NOGGIN!!

SUDDENLY THE BIG P SNAPPED OUT OF HIS MYSTERIOUS TRANCE (CAUSED BY A FULL MOON) AND WAS CONFRONTED BY OUR TRIO...



I'LL GIVE YOU A FAST FIVE SECS TO OPEN THOSE WET SLIMY LIPS!! ONE, TWO...

NO!

CRACK!

IT'S... IT'S ALL COMING BACK! THE MOON... THE DIZZINESS... MY MAMMOTH MEAT... ALL THOSE EAGER THROATS TO PUMP... SOB!! PLEASE... NO MORE KNOCKS- I'LL... I'LL TALK!!

IT HAPPENED LONG AGO WHEN I WAS

A YOUNG SAILOR- I GOT VERY DRUNK ONE NITE ON LEAVE AND DECIDED TO GET A TATTOO. I WAS STAGGERING AROUND THE WATER-FRONT DINES OF DOWNTOWN HONOLULU

LOOKING FOR A TATTOO PARLOR...

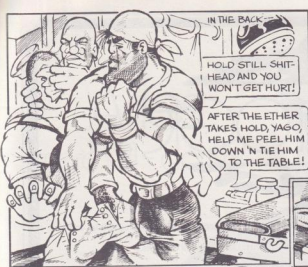
WHEN SUDDENLY I SPOTTED A SIGN. THE FUCKIN' SHINGLE SHOULD HAVE GIVEN ME A

CLUE WHAT WAS IN STORE, BUT I STUMBLED UP THE STAIRS

HARD-ON TATTOOS UPSTAIRS- NO APT. NEEDED

HEY MAC... I WANT A FUCKIN' TATTOO- HIC!

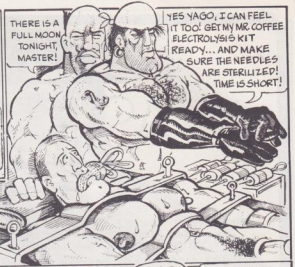
SURE SAILOR! STEP BACK INTO MY PRIVATE STUDIO AND STRIP! MY ASSISTANT WILL HELP YOU... SLURP!



IN THE BACK

HOLD STILL SHIT-HEAD AND YOU WON'T GET HURT!

AFTER THE ETHER TAKES HOLD, YAGO, HELP ME PEEL HIM DOWN 'N TIE HIM TO THE TABLE!



THERE IS A FULL MOON TONIGHT, MASTER!

YES YAGO, I CAN FEEL IT TOO! GET MY MR. COFFEE ELECTROLYSIS KIT READY... AND MAKE SURE THE NEEDLES ARE STERILIZED! TIME IS SHORT!



NEAR DAWN -

MY MASTERPIECE! A HUMAN PYTHON! NOW GET THE POWER CATHETER READY FOR INSERTION!

YES MASTER!



THE SILICONE PUMPED UP HIS PISS HOLE WILL BE THE PERFECT FINISHING TOUCH! ARE YOU READY, YAGO...?

YES MASTER!



SHADES OF LON CHENY!

FIVE DROPS OF GORDON GRANT'S CROTCH SWEAT DOWN YOUR TUBE AND THE GYPSY CURSE IS COMPLETE! YOUR DICK WILL BE INSATIABLE ON THE FULL MOON!



THE NEXT MORNING I CAME TO IN AN ALLEY... TRANSFORMED INTO THIS SNAKE FREAK -

WHERE AM I? WHAT A FUCKIN' HANGOVER!

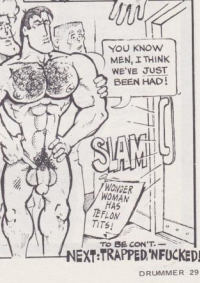
WOULD YOU GO DOWN BY ROMAN PLANKS?



BUT... BUT WHAT HAPPENED TO THAT NASTY GYPSY PRICK WHO DID THAT MEAN NEEDLE POINT NUMBER ON YOUR INNOCENT BODY?

AND IF YOU WERE OUT DURING THAT HEAVY SCENE, HOW DO YOU KNOW WHAT WENT ON -?

EXCUSE ME A MINUTE... SOB -



YOU KNOW MEN, I THINK WE'VE JUST BEEN HAD!

SAM

WONDER WOMAN HAS TELEFON TITS!

TO BE CONT...

NEXT: TRAPPED, NUKED!

ASTROLOGIC

AIRES S (Mar. 21 – Apr. 19): In spring a young man's love turns fancy. Try topping a trick wearing Adidas and a Lacoste. Yeah, just try it. (But don't mess his hair.)

ARIES M: This spring Uranus should be in conjunction with whatever fits. (And you will have fits.)

TAURUS S (Apr. 20 – May 20): Put rocks in your M's red ruby boots.

TAURUS M: Ask your Top to take you dancing.

GEMINI S (May 21 – June 20): Both your heads, Gem, are so fucking vain that you sleep on mylar sheets. Get control of your selves.

GEMINI M: As an exercise in discipline, try to come while pretending you're bound and gagged and living in Orange County. (The gagging should be easy.)

CANCER S (June 21 – July 21): Do your damndest to discover how to get into the most secret of macho leather clubs. Clue: it's based in SFO. DRUMMER knows all, but can tell nothing.

CANCER M: On Good Friday, hang around from noon till three. Then sing "The Alleluia Chorus." With feeling.

LEO S (July 22 – Aug. 21): Your rising sign indicates you should arrange a prison tour of a local juvenile facility. Dress up like a good citizen. Let your sign rise further.

LEO M: At heart, you're a chicken-hawk masochist who hates to travel. This month, double your displeasure. Take a Greyhound to Oklahoma and taunt the new Teenage Chapter of the KKK (especially founded to take care of maniacs like you).

VIRGO S (Aug. 22 – Sept. 22): Cater to your domesticity. For a classic asshole-puckering experience, feed your slave alum brownies.

VIRGO M: Grease the brownie pan. Grease your brownie hole. Put a knife under the bed to cut the pain. Object: fisticuffs.

LIBRA S (Sept. 23 – Oct. 22): Keep your balance. Shatter your M's clichés about what a one-sided Top you are. String yourself up. Work yourself over. Make him watch. Tell him to eat his heart out.

LIBRA M: Tell your Top to fuck off. Get the extra set of tit clamps, put them on your own nipples, and watch *Charlie's Angels*. That's P-A-I-N.

SCORPIO S (Oct. 23 – Nov. 21): Be meaner. Take your scumbag M to a Punk Rock concert. Safety-pin him into position in the front row facing the audience.

SCORPIO M: Quickly learn the difference between s/m games and "getting punked." Forget your rubber duck and learn how, when they're thrown, to duck rubbers.

SAGITTARIUS S (Nov. 22 – Dec. 21): Host a "Masochist Luau." Invite several other Tops to bring their Bottoms. **SAGITTARIUS M:** Get your soda-straw from your Top Host and kneel with the other Bottoms around the cesspool. (You're so sick.)

CAPRICORN S (Dec. 22 – Jan. 20): Watch your diet. Get some quiet. Get ready to try it. On the next full moon, something you said you'd never do, you will in fact eat.

CAPRICORN M: Stroll into an anti-smoking convention. Light up a big stogie and take it like a man. After that foreplay, for a good time, call Fred Halsted.

AQUARIUS S (Jan. 21 – Feb. 19): Call Born-Again and Star-Crossed Eldridge Cleaver (collect) in L.A. where he is marketing "Cleavers," the pants with the codpiece. Tell clever Cleaver that leather men have been wearing this style for years. Trust your lucky stars, but still don't identify yourself.

AQUARIUS M: Wrap your head in Ace bandages and read either *If You Meet the Buddha on the Road, Kill Him*, or Malcolm Boyd's latest gay religion book: *Are You Running with Me, Jesus, or Just Breathing Hard?*

PISCES S (Feb. 20 – Mar. 20): Call Anita Bryant (collect). Tell her about the new ANITA BRYANT MEMORIAL MICROWAVE OVEN that seats 15. Remind the lady that, as usual, it's women and children first.

PISCES M: Call Richard Nixon (collect) and let *him* put you down.

Aries

march 21 ~ april 19



TRAPPED!

By
Houston Smith

PART FOUR

Sometimes I feel like a man with his head through a noose, waiting for some dude to whip the horse out from under me. And that's exactly how I felt when I got that last in the series of those notes. "You're next" the note said, and that meant, I guessed, they were going to do the same thing to me as they did to Thomas.

And keiser! Thomas was a mess!

Harry and I, both buck naked, but with Harry clean and me reeking of four hours of turn-on sex, worked together to drag Thomas off the bed. His mind was foggy, he was three-quarters out, and his body sagged to the floor. But we managed to maneuver him to the shower. As we got him in the door, he looked around and saw blood stains on the sheets. His head was bleeding.

We lifted Thomas into the shower and propped him up against the wall. In his condition he could have drowned in a half-inch of water. We tried sitting him down; that didn't work either. He kept falling over and bumping his head against the tile. We stepped back to survey the laid-back number sprawled in front of us.

"Using all my Police Academy training," Harry said — damn, did he look good bent over trying to keep Thomas from going supine. He had, without exception, and I'll repeat that, without exception, the best looking ass I've ever seen in my life, and I've seen a lot of them — "I'll say the best thing to do is for you to get in there with him."

"Why me?"

"Because I've already had a shower."

Which seemed to make sense. So, while Harry held Thomas up, I climbed in. Then, with Harry's help, we propped him up on my back. I felt like I was being mounted by a corpse, but it worked. We got him straight up so that we could let the shower wash off some of the dirt and blood he had on his back and ass.

Harry, not using his Police Academy training this time, turned on the hot water first. A scalding splash caught Thomas right in the middle of the back. The kid screamed. But then he settled down. While I held him, Harry rinsed off his back. Then, with a lot of maneuvering, we turned him around and washed the front of him off. Chest. Belly. Balls. I handed the now slightly-less-sleepy Thomas out to Harry while I finished up under the water.

If the kid had screamed when the water hit him, it was nothing like what he let loose when, after sitting him down on the toilet seat, we started to rub him over with alcohol. I admit the whole thing was a turn-on for me, especially since I was able to get a few kicks and perform a humanitarian deed all at the same time. That doesn't happen often.

We led him back to the bed and tried to make him talk, to

The artwork for this series is by an unknown artist whose works are from a private collection and are printed here for the first time. They are unusual and while these copies are also copies, both he and we felt they should be shared.



tell us exactly what, and exactly who, had been involved in turning him into a human pin cushion. He couldn't talk; the most we could get out of him was a few mumbles, which sounded mostly like "Ronald MacDonald." And I knew for a fact that Ronald MacDonald hadn't whipped the kid half to death.

Since my gut was rumbling and since I was feeling a little spooky around the place, even if it was my own apartment, I suggested to Harry that we go somewhere and get some lunch. He reached into his pocket and pulled out a single bill. "I've only got a dollar," he said. "Could you loan me a little?"

This from a guy I'd only met twice in my life, once under peculiar conditions and the second under sensational conditions. I chose to remember the latter and agreed to lend him the money. But I had to ask. "Why only a dollar?" I thought I knew the answer.

"I thought maybe you'd roll me," he said. He laughed. I laughed. Then I made mention of the fact that I would like to roll him. On his belly, right in the middle of a goddamned police line-up.

"Anywhere but there." He grabbed my cock. The guy was learning fast.

We went to PYP's, which of course stands for "Pick Your Poison," a restaurant run by two leather numbers down the hill from my apartment.

We ate lunch talking about my little episodes with Jesse and his pal. I really hadn't much to tell because I didn't know that much, didn't understand why or who, and except that I was integrally involved, wouldn't have cared. But Harry, always the good cop, pumped me for information. By the end of the lunch he knew as much about everything as I did.

I kept answering his questions while trying not to look at him like a love-starved bull, but sometimes that didn't work. He caught me staring at him with my tongue hanging out a couple of times, and, believe it or not, that brought a response. At one point in our conversation, he reached over after looking around to see that nobody was watching, and grabbed my hand. "I sure like you," he said, then blushed, and my day was made.

"What'd you look around for?" I asked.

"I'm a cop," he answered, "and other cops eat lunch. I wanted to make sure my sergeant wasn't around."

"I don't think they eat at PYP's," I said.

"Why not?" That was his favorite question.

I didn't have an answer.

We finished up in little over an hour and I paid the bill. Harry left his sole dollar as a tip, for which Carl, the other half of the partnership who owned the joint, groaned. "You sit there for an hour, practically fuck in my booth, and then you leave a buck. Is that fair?" I nodded that it was, and we left.

Every three thousand miles I take my little "True Spirit" into the garage to be taken care of, so when the truck didn't do anything when I turned on the ignition, I immediately got suspicious. Somebody had been fooling with her. I climbed out of the cab, mad, and lifted the hood. I don't know why; I know from nothing about engines. Harry backed me up and looked too. "Do you see anything wrong?" I asked.

"Nope."

"Would you see it if it was there?"

"Nope." Good, something else we had in common. Ignorance. We started hoofing it up the hill to my apartment where, of course, I had left my AAA card.

Harry wanted to jog up the hill, but I talked him out of that. Who needs a half-digested omelet leading a path to my door. We compromised. We walked fast. Harry had me huffing in no time. "That's why I can eat so much," Harry said. "I work it off. You should, too."

"I'm a carpenter, fucker," I answered between heaving breaths. "I work it off."

"It's not the same."

I suddenly got the picture of what things would be if our relationship led to anything. I might be the fucker in the family, but out-of-bed little Harry would be *numero uno*, the leader. Feisty fucker. I liked that about him. In fact, I saw myself in future months jogging eighteen miles every day, thousands of yards behind Harry, but when I finally pulled into home, he'd have the best blow job of my life waiting for me. Hot damn!

We got to my apartment in no time, and I headed into the house to get my wallet. I always leave it in the desk in the top

drawer in the front room. It was missing. I ran back outside. Harry came up the steps towards me. "My car isn't working either," he said. "I'm starting to get worried."

That made two of us.

I suggested something about calling the police, but he only grimaced at the line he had heard thousands of times. Besides, and I realized it, this wasn't the time to be making jokes, even little ones. We went back into the house and sat in the living room. I finally decided to call AAA and cajole them into coming even if I didn't have that damned number to give them.

I went back to the bedroom, sat on the bed, pulled the telephone book from the bottom shelf of the nightstand and started to dial. Then I realized something bigger was missing. Thomas! He was gone. I dropped the phone and went back out into the living room. And that's when I got another dandy little shock. Harry was on his belly on the floor, with his arm twisted up his back to his neck; some big asshole was sitting on his butt. Three more guys — yeah, this time four of them were involved — stood in the living room, waiting for me. I might have known them except for the leather hoods with the eyes, noses, and mouths cut out. My first thought was what in the hell would the neighbors think? Did these guys walk around in the middle of the day with leather hoods over their heads? A moot point at best; they were there and they were wearing hoods. And leather pants. And vests. It was a bad night at a full-moon party.

Actually, I recognized two of them, even with the hoods. Jesse was one and his sidekick, Gabby Hayes or whatever the hell his name is, was another. But who were the other two? They could have been anybody, except I remember telling myself to remember that one of them had a cobra tattoo on his right arm.

I backed up, considering making a run for it, but Jesse, my old nemesis, stifled that. "Run and your buddy gets a broken arm," he said in his smooth style. I stopped. I knew Jesse meant what he said; he had proved that to me often.

"What'd you do with Thomas?" I asked.

"He's fine," Jesse answered. He motioned to the guy on Harry's back to get my friend to his feet.

"How can he be fine?" I asked, trying to act angry. These guys were draining all my macho right out of me. I had to do something. Then just a split second after I'd asked the question, it dawned on me that probably Thomas was alright. I remembered the first time I'd run into the kid and the kind of condition he'd been in that night. Eight guys working on his ass until it was a bloody pulp. Black, blue, red, bleeding, swollen, puffed and then he'd shot his wad and after ten minutes in a shower, his ass looked like nothing more had been done to it than a couple of friendly swats over tea. Maybe Thomas had recovered that fast from this bout, too. Weird kid, scary, almost.

"Outside," Jesse ordered, and Harry was shoved towards the door, still with his arm twisted all to hell. I had to wonder how the guys had gotten the best of Harry. They had no guns. No weapons of any kind. But then, Harry wasn't armed either . . . but still, don't cops know judo and karate and all kinds of shit like that. Or is that just Angie Dickinson?

I was put into an arm lock by the second newcomer of the group. He wasn't gentle, maybe because I hadn't been an easy lay; he needed both Jesse's and Gabby Hayes' help. He pushed me towards Harry. At that point, I figured I'd had enough of being messed with. "Now, Harry!" I yelled and tried to twist out of the arm hold and get around to beat the shit out of the guy who was holding me. Within a split second, somebody's knee, whose I don't know, slammed into my groin. The pain. The nausea. Then I knew how they had gotten the best of Harry.

I don't remember exactly how they got us to the van, that famous black van of former escapades, because I was still feeling the effects of the knee. Although I do remember leaving something that looked like a puddle of lunch on the front lawn.

This time, instead of riding on top of the van, they put both Harry and me inside, and once inside, the strangle holds were released and instantly cuffs were put in place. I have to hand it to Harry; he fought like hell. He looked like some guy on the six o'clock news resisting arrest. But it didn't do him any good, any more than it does the guy on the six o'clock news. He ended up in the cuffs. And I was still feeling too out-

of-it to put up much of an argument myself. So there we were, handcuffed, then hooded, and sitting in a van going who-the-fuck-knew where with four maniacs.

Harry, who still sort of thought this was a game, leaned over to me after a short while. "Dan, I have to be at work at four."

I whispered back, "I don't think you're going to make it."

"Do you think they'd let me call?"

I was just about to tell him that he couldn't lose anything by asking when I felt a hand on my neck. Then somebody started to open the zipper on one side of the hood, just a bit. Then another hand shoved what felt like a piece of gauze up the front of the hood, under my nose. I thought for a second that it was just another popper, but then I didn't think any more at all. I was out.

I woke up years, months, weeks, days, minutes later — I didn't know — with a headache that would have floored The Hulk. I was naked. I was dangling from chains in a dark room. Actually, I wasn't all that uncomfortable, except for my head. My arms were up, but angled unpainfully, to a chain on each side of me where my wrists were clipped. Somebody had put ankle cuffs on me and I was clipped to chains down there, too. I looked to my left. Harry was in the same situation.

He looked over at me. "I had a feeling I shouldn't come over to your place today," he said. Then he smiled. Good old Harry, always keeps his humor.

The room was dark and uninhabited, but not too dark. We could see almost any piece of workroom equipment a man could think of, and some no lightweight sadist could even think of. Some man had spent a fortune outfitting the room. Even in my present circumstances, that gave me sort of a sexual tingle. Maybe the guy would let me use it sometime.

We hung alone maybe a half hour. We talked little. The biggest thing on our minds was what was going to happen to us, and neither of us wanted to talk about that.

Finally the door opened and the Angel Gabriel walked in. I'm not kidding; that's what I thought when I first saw the guy. He was dressed in a long white outfit, very flowing and open down almost to his cock. Under that he was wearing an elaborate body harness, the kind that usually has a forty-inch dildo attached to it, and a hood. He came into the room and closed the door behind him. He reached over and flicked a wall switch and a bright light came on behind him. Slowly he walked towards us, arms outstretched. "I finally have you with me," he said, and sure enough I knew who it was. Who it had to be. Thomas. The nut.

He walked straight towards me and stopped inches from me. "You know who I am, don't you?" he asked.

"Sure, I do, Thomas. What the hell's going on?"

"I have picked you. You are to be my disciple. You are a beautiful man." He ran his hand up and down my cheek and then leaned over and kissed me.

"I don't want to be your disciple," I said as soon as I got his tongue out of my mouth.

"But you are doing so well," Thomas said. "Soon you will want to be." He was talking like Twilight Zone.

"No, I don't think so," I answered. "Come on, Thomas, you've had your fun. Let us out of here."

"Yeah," Harry agreed. "I have to go to work."

Thomas paid no attention but moved to in front of Harry. He caressed Harry's cheek just as he had mine and then kissed him. I noticed Harry kept his lips closed tight.

"And how lucky," Thomas said, "to find this other, beautiful man for my disciple. You will always be together."

I didn't believe this whole stupid, piss-ass mess. The kid was ready for a jar, obviously, but before somebody put him there, he had us at his disposal.

"How about those goons out there?" I asked. "Are they your disciples?"

Thomas laughed at that. Hard. "Of course not," he said when the mirth was over. "They're Neanderthals. Ugly, vile men. They do what I want for money. When I'm finished with them, when I have you two with my others, they'll be disposed of."

That part of the set-up appealed to me, but the rest sucked. "Why me, Thomas?" I asked. Trying for sympathy, you know.

"The first time I saw you, at your friend's house, I saw something in you that made me want you in my movement," Thomas said. He talked a lot without saying anything.

"You're gonna have to get some new friends," Harry piped

up. I threw him a dirty look.

"Faith," Thomas said. "Pain is what stops us. If we can control it, we can control everything. And we can control it, all of us. The mind, our minds, will do it for us."

"Hey, kid," Harry said. "Do you know I'm a police officer?"

"Yes."

"Then I want you to know that you're under arrest."

"We can only achieve our ends by dedication," Thomas continued, ignoring Harry, "which I would have done, too, under the circumstances. Dedicate ourselves to controlling ourselves. I subjected myself to the most horrible of beatings just this morning. You saw me, didn't you?"

Nobody answered.

"Dan, you saw me, didn't you?" I nodded. "Then look at me now." He turned around quickly and threw the white robe off his shoulders. It fell to the floor. Except for the harness he was naked. And honest to god, believe it or not, there wasn't a single mark on his body. Not one. It was smooth, not even red. It was a goddamned miracle.

"Son of a bitch," Harry said.

"I willled the pain and the markings away, just as I will use my will to eliminate aging and death."

I was getting bored.

"And now we must start you two beautiful men on your paths to immortality. Today." With that he picked up the robe, threw it over his arm and walked out of the room. He left the light on.

A minute later the door opened again. Two guys walked in. I hadn't seen either of them before, which made me figure that Thomas had a payroll the size of the federal government's. But at least these two were a little more presentable than the other goons we'd dealt with. In fact, I wouldn't have thrown either of them out of bed. They wore no hoods, just eye masks, body harnesses, boots and leather jock straps. Sort of a kick. Both had black hair, beards and moustaches. One walked up to me; the other went to Harry. The one by me just stood there, but Harry's partner slipped a blindfold on him and then unclipped, lowered and re-clipped first Harry's right arm, then his left. "Kneel," he said.

Harry stayed where he was.

That's when the guy next to me got into the act. I hadn't seen the little instrument he was carrying, a small cat-o-nine tails, with studs on all the tails. When Harry didn't do as he was told, the whip was raised and brought down, hard, across my belly. One stud caught the knife cut I had on my chest. I let out a yell that could be heard for miles.

"Kneel," came a repeat of the command. Still Harry just stood there, and whack, I got another one.

"Kneel."

"For Christ sake, Harry, kneel down!" He turned towards me.

"Do you really want me to?" Like I was betraying him.

"Don't you hear what they're doing to me?" He knelt down.

As soon as Harry was in a kneeling position, his tormentor opened his leather jock strap and let fall one of the bigger cocks I've ever seen. To say that he was a tripod would be an exaggeration, but not much of one. He lifted his cock and put it against Harry's mouth. "Suck."

They waited about three seconds and when Harry didn't suck, I got another lash from the whip. Christ, that hurt. I damned near wound myself around from the pain. As soon as I recovered a little, I looked down at myself. I had three main welts across my belly and a lot of lesser ones. I felt like I was on fire.

"Suck the damned cock," I shouted. "I'll make it up to you."

"I'm gonna get somebody for this," Harry said, but my buddy opened his mouth and let that monster in. He was gagging before it was halfway down his throat. But I have to hand it to him; he tried. He sucked that mother and got more and more of it. He never did take it all, but he did suck it. For me.

Finally the guy pulled his dick out of Harry's mouth. He stepped back and re-fastened his jock strap. "That's an indication of how we'll work," he said matter-of-factly. "You'll be asked to perform more and more duties and to receive more and more pain, and we will use your affection for each other as a catalyst."

"What do you mean 'affection'?" I said. "I just met the guy last night."

The man looked at me. He smiled. "We know," he said. Then he turned and walked to the side of the room. He took two pairs of handcuffs from hooks in the wall. He came back, handed one pair to the guy next to me and started to put the other pair on Harry, carefully, one at a time. Next a blindfold just like the one Harry had on was put on me. We were moved about three feet forward. We waited a short while.

"We're moving you to a different place, where the experiment will take place," the man said. "I'm explaining this to lessen your fear. You'll do exactly as I tell you or . . ." With that, simultaneously, both Harry and I were jabbed with two more of those goddamned cattle prods. If you've never been on the receiving end of one of those things, I don't recommend it, unless, of course, you're inclined that way. I'm not. It just hurt like hell. My pride and my ass.

"Move straight ahead to the door," we were told and both of us, haltingly, started to move.

"Harry, I don't know about you," I said, "but I'm scared shitless."

"So am I," he whispered back. "And I don't even believe this is happening."

"You soon will," the man behind us said. "You soon will."

We left the room, walked down a long hallway, and with guiding hands under our arms were led up a long flight of stairs. We then walked, angling to our left, for about fifty feet and then were told to stop. We heard things being moved around, like heavy crates, and then were told to move forward. I brushed something as I walked. It felt almost like a curtain, a theatre curtain, heavy velvet.

We were led another distance and then brought to a stop. We were turned ninety degrees to our left. "Stay there," we were told.

It was very quiet, but I could feel that there were people around. I didn't know how many, but I knew they were there. Then, suddenly, lights were turned on. I could tell from the glare that shone through the edges of the blindfold. Then something light brushed against me, fleetingly. It was a piece of material. Soft.

As we stood there, with me sweating bullets and Harry, I guess, doing the same thing, the applause started. I must have jumped a foot when it began. It continued for a long time.

"Danny, what in the hell is this?" Harry asked. I could tell from the tenseness in his voice how frightened he was.

"I don't know," I answered. "Should we run?"

"How in the hell can we run?" he said. He sounded angry. I didn't have an answer for him, I was just trying to suggest possibilities, and although I wracked my brains, I couldn't come up with any other that were even half as good.

A few seconds later, the material brushed me again, but this time it stayed, and I felt a hand running up my face to the mask. It was slipped off and the first thing I saw was Thomas standing in front of me. He had his angel's suit on again.

He moved to Harry and took off his blindfold. I looked at Harry; he looked at me. We both knew what sheep felt like being led to the slaughter.

I looked forward then, trying to see past the bright spotlights that were focused on us. By blinking and straining I was finally able to. I almost shit on the floor. We were on a fucking STAGE! And in front of us was about a two-hundred audience.

"Don't pay any attention to them," Thomas said. "They are only a means of financing our movement." With that he moved away, to a large, throne-like chair set to one side of the stage. He raised and then lowered his arm, much like Nero must have done, and the show started.

The two men who had brought us to the stage approached again. And again, the one assigned to me stood quietly next to me. He again was holding that whip in his hand, so I knew what was coming.

"Kneel," Harry was told. He looked at me.

"I can't, Dan. Not in front of these people."

I nodded, and braced myself for the first lash. I didn't have long to wait. This time, though, the bastard brought it down not on my belly, but right across my genitals. I know I didn't make a sound and then I fell to the floor. I might even have passed out for a very short while. I do remember, though, that the audience cheered. Jesus.

I was helped to my feet after a short while. I staggered, but

managed to stay up. I don't know why I wanted to. Pride, I guess. There's no other explanation. Somehow I was feeling that if these assholes were going to do this stuff to me, I was going to take it, and take it as manfully as I could. I know that sounds melodramatic, but that's the way I felt.

"Kneel." The order was repeated. Harry looked at me. I looked away from him and lifted my head. And waited.

The blow this time came on my back. At least there was the consolation of not having them concentrated in one spot. This one I took standing up. I just lurched forward and then regained my footing. I think it was then that I worked up some saliva in my mouth, which under the circumstances wasn't easy to do, and spit on the floor. The audience got a big charge out of that, although I heard one asshole yell out, "Hit him again!"

"Kneel." This time Harry did it. He started off moving slowly and then sank to his knees. The man standing in front of Harry moved to his side, then grabbed Harry's hair and pulled him into moving so that they were again facing each other. His long dick, half hard, was pressed against Harry's mouth.

"Fuck." And Harry did that for me, too. I couldn't see the whole thing, but from the reaction of the audience, I knew that Harry was doing his best. Again, somebody in the audience, maybe the same guy, yelled, "Take it all, cocksucker." I hope I never run into him.

I could hear Harry struggling to take that cock, then he gagged. There was a short silence and then again the sound of sucking and again Harry gagged. He tried to pull his head back, but he was pulled forward. Eventually Harry didn't have to move. His head was being held and the cock was being fucked in and out of his mouth. Harry didn't gag anymore.

Finally it ended and Harry was allowed to stand up. He was turned to face the audience. I looked over at him. Tears were rolling down his cheeks, I think from the humiliation he was feeling.

There was maybe a two minute wait, during which nothing happened, and then Harry was led towards the back of the stage where two chains hung down from overhead. He was clipped on to those, the same way we had been in the room below, only this time his arms were higher and his body stretched.

When he was secure, I was led by my escort to a simple looking device to the left of the stage. "You know when I get out of here I'm going to kill you," I said to the guy. He just looked at me. His face was blank.

My ankles were clipped a good distance apart. In front of me was what looked like a bench press from a gym. Leather padded. It was maybe two feet in front of me, going lengthwise. I was facing the side of the stage away from where Thomas sat.

The man who had face-fucked Harry then walked behind me. Mine went to stand next to Harry. I could hear a stirring in the audience. I looked around. The man, having reassembled himself in his jock strap after the bout with Harry, was again dissembling himself. I watched as the cock dropped out of the strap. He spit in his hand and rubbed it on his cock; I could see his prick getting harder. It started to stand out almost straight.

Out of the corner of my eye, I saw Thomas again raise his arm. He hesitated, and then lowered it. There was a pause. Then I heard that same voice, Emotionless. Level. "Bend over when you want to get fucked." I closed my eyes and waited.

I heard Harry scream and had to open my eyes. He was hanging not more than ten feet from me. His body was stretched tight, every muscle in his body showing, prominent. There were ugly red welts across his belly.

"Make him beg for it," somebody from the audience yelled.

"Bend over when you want to get fucked." The order was repeated. Again I stood. This time I watched as the whip slashed down on Harry, directly on his genitals. He screamed his agony.

The audience was making more noise. A few were chanting something I couldn't make out.

There was another short wait. Then, "Bend over when you want to get fucked." I looked at Harry again.

"I can't, Harry. You have to understand," I said, "I'm sorry."

DRUM BEATS



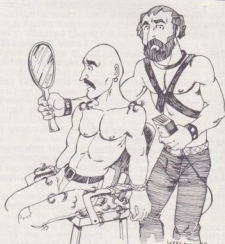
"I told ya not to wear all your chains, didn't I?!"



Be careful man, one of those gloryholes is really the vacuum cleaner outlet!"



"Frank, how do you do it? ... The place is crowded, it's loud, smoke everywhere, and you just stand there with a smile on your face!"



"It looks nice master, but don't you think it was a bit too much off the top?"

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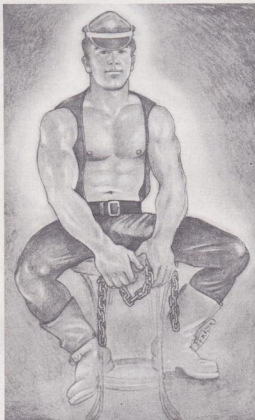
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GAY DETERIORATA

GO PLACIDLY AMID THE BOYS AND TASTE, AND REMEMBER WHAT SOUTHERN COMFORT THERE MAY BE IN GRABBING A PIECE THEREOF. AVOID QUIET AND PASSIVE MEN UNLESS YOU ARE IN NEED OF QUALUDES. KEEP YOUR ACT TOGETHER. SPEAK GLOWINGLY OF THOSE HUNKIER THAN YOURSELF AND HEED WELL THEIR COLOR-CODED HANKIES. KNOW WHAT TO SUCK AND WHEN. CONSIDER THAT TWO LOVERS DO NOT A THREE-WAY MAKE. WHEREVER POSSIBLE, WRITE YOUR NUMBER ON WALLS. BE COMFORTED THAT IN THE JADED FACE OF ALL ARIDITY AND DISILLUSIONMENT AND DESPITE THE CHANGING FORTUNES OF TIME, SOMEWHERE IN IOWA A CHICKEN IS COMING OUT. REMEMBER TO CLIP YOUR NAILS. STRIVE AT ALL TIMES TO SUCK, FUCK, SNORT, AND STAND ERECT. DOUCHE YOURSELF; IF YOU NEED HELP, CALL THE FIRE DEPARTMENT. EXERCISE CAUTION IN YOUR AFFAIRESSES, ESPECIALLY WITH THOSE CLOSEST TO YOU: THAT DILDO YOU LIVE WITH, FOR INSTANCE. BE ASSURED THAT A WALK THROUGH A BACKROOM BAR WILL WET YOUR FEET. FALL NOT IN THE URINAL THEREFORE; YOU WILL CHIP YOUR CAPS. GRACEFULLY SURRENDER THE THINGS OF YOUTH: CONTINUAL HARDONS, SIZE 30 LEVIS, TIGHT ASS, NEW TATTOOS, BOOTCAMP FANTASIES, AND WET DREAMS. LET NOT YOUR POPPER SPILL DOWN YOUR NOSE. HIRE MODELS FROM ADS. FOR A GOOD TIME, SIT ON YOUR FACE. TAKE HEART AMID THE DEEPENING GLOOM THAT YOUR STRETCH MARKS DO NOT SHOW IN THE RED LIGHTS AT THE BATHS. REFLECT THAT WHATEVER MISFORTUNE IS YOUR LOT, IT COULD ONLY BE WORSE IN DADE COUNTY. YOU ARE A JERK-OFF OF THE UNIVERSE. YOU HAVE NO RIGHT TO BE HERE, ESPECIALLY IN FULL LEATHER ON A BUS. REMEMBER THAT BEHIND THE COSMOS, THERE IS NO GREAT MYSTERY — ONLY A COUPLE OF JOKE BOOKS. THEREFORE, MAKE PEACE WITH YOUR MASTER, WHATEVER YOU CONSIDER HIM TO BE: HELL'S ANGEL BIKER OR SUGAR PLUM FAIRY. WITH ALL ITS TALK OF GYMS, REAL ESTATE, AND RISING CONSCIOUSNESS, THE WORLD CONTINUES TO FUCK UP. YOU MAY AS WELL FIDDLE AS ROME BURNS. BE HAPPY. DO WHAT YOU MUST AND CALL IT BY THE BEST NAME POSSIBLE. FIST YOURSELF, JACK OFF, AND TRY NOT TO DROOL. AND ABOVE ALL, REMEMBER THAT IF WRINKLES HURT, YOU'D BE SCREAMING. BE THANKFUL YOU WERE EVER LAID IN THE FIRST PLACE.

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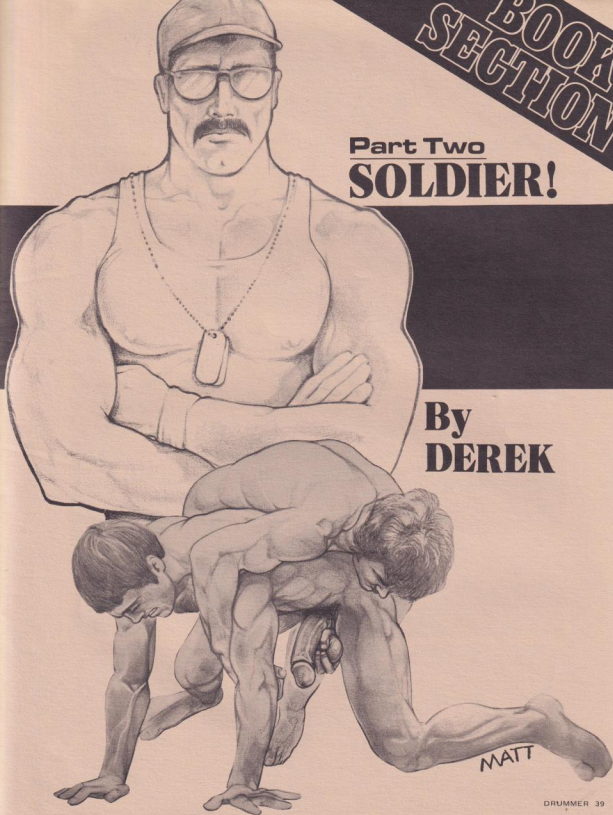
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**BOOK
SECTION**

Part Two
SOLDIER!

By
DEREK





EPISODE 4: AWOL

(0800 hours) — It didn't take Private Buck Doyle long to learn the ropes at Camp Big Timber — he took to the rugged "army life" like a kid to a mud puddle. After nearly a month of his six-week tour had passed, it was obvious to all the other men of C Company that the blond, hunky college-jock had become the sarge's personal pet. In more ways than one. The privileges he enjoyed from his special status, which included terrific sex, more than made up for the occasional jealousy which sparked among his bunk buddies.

Yep, Buck was very satisfied with the turn of events, in spite of the second thoughts he'd had during those first few days. They'd been rough! But now, as PFC Doyle, he was eager to participate in all aspects of camp life, including its

basic paradox; the mind-blowing freedom to engage in your wildest fantasies any time of day or night, coupled with the extremely strict rules and regulations governing rank and sexual pecking order. His lucky hook-up with the muscular Italian DI, Sgt. D'Angelo, let him see a lot more of camp life than most first-timers.

And so it happened that four weeks into his tour of duty, he got *the* chance. It was a hot, muggy morning shortly after mess when the sarge called Buck over and asked him if he was up for a really wild scene. The kid never refused an offer like that.

"Sure!" he said.

"Well, they caught some duck tryin' to go AWOL over the south fence last night. The Dobermans got him by the seat of the pants." The DI laughed to himself. "He's down in the

stockade right now, and seen' as it's my turn to discipline weak-willed soldiers, I thought I'd take you along to help, if ya want."

The stockade! Buck's ears pricked up at the sound of that word. Rumors he'd heard about what went on behind the stark grey walls of the camp's detention quarters were hard to believe. Buck liked to think that most were exaggerations, but he wasn't going to pass up the chance to find out for himself.

One of the first things a new recruit learned at Camp Big Timber was that you didn't break the rules, especially the one about leaving before your tour was up. They were sure as hell weren't going to let you walk out the front gate, and dogs patrolled the perimeter twenty-four hours a day (which also accounted for the fact that they rarely had uninvited guests wandering about). Buck couldn't figure out why anyone would want to leave, but there were always some guys who just liked to get caught breaking regulations. It was a dangerous game with serious consequences.

"When do we go?" asked the anxious private.

"Soon."

The stockade sat on a piece of flat-land behind the officers' barracks, past the latrine where Buck had spent that day a couple of weeks ago in humble servitude. All disciplining began at noon — the hottest time of the day — which gave prisoners the entire morning to think about what was coming their way. So, late that morning Buck and the sarge set off across the parade ground. As they topped the rise behind the officers' latrine, Buck saw it squatting there in the field, ominous and prison-like, a good twenty yards from the pine woods surrounding it on all sides. A plain cinder-block square about fifteen feet high, its walls were topped with glittering shards of broken glass and barbed wire. There was no roof. In the center of the wall facing them was an opening with a chainlink gate. Beside it stood a small, white guardhouse. The MP, dressed in typical Big Timber guard get-up and holding a carbine across his barrel chest, ordered them to halt. A single thought flashed through Buck's head — is that thing really loaded?

"State your business."

"Sergeant D'Angelo and PFC Doyle, here to discipline the AWOL you guys picked up last night," the DI said.

"You got permission to take him in?"

"Yep. Right here." The sarge handed over an order signed by the Camp Commander.

Eying the private intensely beneath his blazing white helmet, the MP's mirrored gaze sent chills down Buck's spine. He always felt that way whenever one of these sadistic brutes stared at him, and he was glad the sarge was along. The guard quickly glanced at the paper and seemed satisfied.

"OK, kid," he said. "Strip!"

Buck wasn't ready for that. He looked nervously at the sarge, but the big officer just grinned.

"Sorry, Doyle. Camp rules. Only CO's and guards wear clothes in the stockade. But keep your boots and PFC cap. I want 'em to know that you're with me!"

So do! Buck thought. He stripped off his fatigues and left them in the tiny guard house while the MP opened the gate.

"Have fun, kid," he said as he clanked it shut behind them.

Just inside the gate was another cement wall, placed there to keep anyone from seeing in through the chain fence. The sarge and his young buddy, who was feeling a little conspicuous in just his boots and cap, made a sharp right turn and emerged in the open yard of the stockade. Buck took it all in quickly. The interior was about thirty yards square, open at the top, and floored with plain old Montana dirt. It had rained the night before, so the yard was muddy even though the sun beat down hotly now. The only meager cover from the elements was under the wooden catwalk which stretched all around the insides of the walls. It was at least ten feet off the ground, and a lone guard paced relentlessly around and around overhead. He, too, carried a rifle. The outside wall rose just to his shoulders, so he could see anyone who approached the building from the outside. Or anyone who tried to leave. Under the walk were the cells, recesses in the concrete blocks with chain fence across the front. They weren't much bigger than toilet stalls, and about half of them quartered naked men.

Other officers had arrived before Buck and the sarge. In fact the place was already a scene of activity that would make the squeamish turn and run. Two DI's had a group of sweaty, bare-assed prisoners doing endless pushups in the stinking

mud, kicking them or swatting asses with belts whenever they missed cadence. Another group had men bound hand and foot, suspended from the crossbeam of an upright wooden frame. They gang-fucked them, using cocks, fists, and god-only-knows what else. Over in a far corner, a guard was working over two prisoners bound together on either side of a sturdy pine post. The MPs were known as the meanest motherfuckers in the camp, and this one's victims were making loud cries of pain and protest. The hair on the back of Buck's neck stood up when he caught the glint of honed metal in the MP's hand. He looked away quickly. In the opposite corner a column of dark smoke drifted lazily upwards from a shallow pit. Long metal skewers rested against the lip of the pit, and Buck could only guess what they were for.

"There's our man," said the sarge, pointing to a cell along the near wall. The prisoner was alone in one of the otherwise empty cages marked AWOL. The DI went up to the cell, opened it, and ordered the man out.

He was about thirty, Buck guessed, and foreign-looking — maybe Portuguese or from the Caribbean. Anyway, his skin was darkly tan and his eyes, bright green, regarded the sarge and the near-naked prisoner tensely. His body was muscular, practically smooth, and topped with a curly fuzz of short black hair. Heavy rope bound his brawny arms behind his back.

"On yer belly, you sonofabitch!" the sarge commanded.

Slowly, the captive soldier knelt on the bare ground, then prostrated himself clumsily in the mud. Other prisoners in nearby cells paid close attention to the three men. From a hook on the wall between the cells, Sgt. D'Angelo grabbed a cat made of leather thongs with a black, billy-club style handle.

"Stand over there, Doyle."

The sarge pointed to a spot about twenty feet away. Buck moved into position.

"At ease!"

Buck took his wide-legged stance, arms folded behind his back. The sarge kicked the prostrate soldier from behind.

"Ok, you cowardly fuck of shit! Crawl over to the private there and lick his boots clean!" He brought the cat down hard on the poor jerk's ass.

The prisoner squealed, his body jerked, and he inched forward. It isn't easy crawling on your belly when your hands are tied behind you. But the DI saw to it that the dark man didn't spare any effort. He continued lashing that naked ass and the backs of his thighs while the man groaned and squirmed through the mud.

Buck was getting off on the whole scene. His cock stiffened as the husky prisoner crawled up to him and began to suck on the toe of his black combat boots. The sarge let up on the cat, but he kept a barrage of verbal abuse going while the guy licked the mud off the PFC's filthy boots.

"Stupid turd! You're no better than the worms under yer belly! Lick 'em clean, asshole! Clean that private's shoes neat and neat! He's better 'n you any day! LICK 'EM, SHIT-HEAD!!!!"

The guy choked on the dirt a little, spitting it out between rasping gulps of air, but he finished the job. When the sarge was satisfied, he made him crawl around behind Buck and get to his knees.

"Now lick his ass, motherfucker! Bury that sissy mouth of yers in that man's butt and eat it!"

Buck's golden cock now stood straight up as the prisoner's rough, wet tongue ran along his asscrack and found the musky bung-hole. He got a kick out of the other prisoner's staring at his hard, naked body while the guy behind him rimmed his ass, and he wanted to jerk off real bad. But he figured he'd better wait for orders from the sarge.

While the dark stud was busy eating out the insides of the private's asshole, sarge gave him a few more tastes of the cat. It seemed to Buck that the harder the sarge came down with it, the more eager were the thrusts of the slippery knuckle in his anus. Just when he could hardly stand it anymore, the DI called a halt.

"Ok, Doyle. Get a 'horse' over there and bring it back. I want to see this piece of garbage strung over it — PRONTO!"

Buck saw a bunch of wooden sawhorses stacked near the wall, not the flimsy kind used to mark holes in the highway, but the sturdy sort made from two-by-fours. Leather straps with harness buckles were attached to all four feet. He went

over, slung one up on his shoulder, and brought it back to where the sarge had the naked soldier undoing his pants with his teeth. The guy managed to pull the metal zipper down, but he was having trouble getting the DI's enormous hunk of Italian sausage out without biting it.

"Get it out, you cocksucker!" the sarge bellowed.
"I can't," the prisoner blurted out. Tears of frustration dribbled down his dirty cheeks. "It's stuck."

Sgt. D'Angelo grabbed him by the ears and jerked his head back so far Buck was sure the guy's neck would break.

"You can't? Is that what you said?" He spat square in the guy's face. "Don't you ever say that to me, prick! You'll do anything! I tell you to. GOT IT? YOU'LL EAT SHIT RIGHT OUT OF MY ASSHOLE IF I SAY SO! UNDERSTAND?"

The prisoner nodded obediently.
"Good! Now get up and bend over that horse." The sarge pulled his stiff dick and balls out of his pants himself.

The prisoner bent over the sawhorse longwise so the top beam ran from his chin to his groin. Buck untied his hands and secured them to the feet of the wooden frame with the leather straps. The DI did the same in back with his ankles. Pulling the dark stud's meat and hairy balls back between his thighs, the sarge grabbed a half-piece of cinder-block lying on the ground and hung it with the rope from the dangling genitals. When he released the weight, the prisoner groaned pitifully.

"Plug the fucker's mouth with that meat of yours, private," he said.

Buck held the guy's head on either side and guided the slippery head of his dick to his mouth. To his surprise, the guy took it eagerly, sucking it in almost to the hilt. Buck face-fucked him while the sarge shoved the hard rubber handle of the cat up his asshole and reamed him with it. He twisted it round and round, goring the poor guy's helpless ass mercilessly. The prisoner's moans were muffled by Buck's cock stuffed down his throat, but it was just as well. Protesting would only make things worse, anyway.

Sarge removed the black fuckstick and patted the upturned ass. "I've got somethin' special planned for this," he said. "Keep feedin' him meat, Doyle. I'll be right back."

With his prick flopping out of his fatigues, the sarge hurried over to the smoldering pit and picked up one of the long, metal skewers. Buck was getting mighty close to shooting his load, but he held back until he got the OK from the sarge. As the DI returned, Buck recognized the instrument he carried for what it was — a branding iron!

"This here is to mark him as an AWOL," the sarge sneered. "If he tries it again, we'll know he's a second offender. Things'll go a lot rougher for him-then!"

The muscular stud dropped Buck's cock and twisted his head around, trying to see what was coming. When he caught sight of the glowing-red iron, he let out a guttural howl of protest.

"NO! PLEASE!"
"SHUT THE BASTARD UP, PRIVATE!"

Buck grabbed the prisoner's head again and forced him down on his prick all the way to the balls. Looking down, he saw the guy staring back at him, and for the first time Buck saw real fear in his eyes.

"HANG ON TO 'IM TIGHT, DOYLE. HERE IT COMES!"
The man's trembling body went rigid as steel as the red-hot iron touched his left asshole. Screams hissed out around Buck's cock as he rammed it deeper and deeper into the sucking mouthhole. He was excited as hell. He couldn't hold back any longer. As the sarge removed the smoldering iron, he felt his hot manjuice rising rapidly through his shaft.

"I'm cummin', sir!" he yelled.
"Go ahead, kid! Fill the pussymouth with your load!"
Buck fucked like a wildman. He slammed his spurting rod into the prisoner's face, draining what seemed like a quart of cum from his bouncing nuts. When he was completely fucked-out, the sarge handed him the cat.

"Here. Warm his ass while I get a piece of that mouth, too."
The guy didn't even have a chance to catch his breath. The sarge poked his thick uncut meat down his throat while Buck brought the cat down across his sore cheeks until they were livid pink. The prisoner attacked the sarge's fuckpole as thick gobs of cream flooded out and slid down his gagging throat. Sarge made sure he swallowed every drop.

"That's it, shithead! Eat my fuckin' dick! That's all you AWOLs are good for — eatin' cockjuice." To prove his point,

the sarge washed down the load of sticky jism with an explosion of wet piss. Being in no position to argue, the prisoner noisily gulped it down.

"Untie 'im, Doyle, and bring 'im out here," the sarge ordered. Buck released the leather straps, stood the guy up, and followed the sarge toward the center of the stockade yard. The muddled prisoner had a hard time walking with the brick still tied to his aching genitals. Forced to stumble bow-legged across the grounds, he let the brick swing in jerky arcs between his thighs. The private pushed him from behind, purposely making him go too fast so the weight would bang painfully against his knees. Buck realized that he was really getting off on making this big, dark stud humiliate himself, forcing him to do anything he and the sarge wanted.

In the center of the yard, under the searing eye of the sun, was a low metal bar shaped like a T planted in the earth. It rose about a foot and a half off the ground, and the arms of the T were a lot longer than the center bar was high.

"On yer knees, pisshead!" the sarge barked.

The naked soldier knelt before the low T-bar and the sarge pushed him down by the back of the neck until he was doubled over it. The long cross-bar stuck out from either side on his belly.

"Forearms in the dirt!"

When he was in the right position, the sarge pulled two nylon-web straps from his thigh pocket and tossed one to Buck.

"Here. Tie this around his arms and legs like this," he said. Squatting beside the naked prisoner, the sarge looped the strap behind his leg just above the knee and then around his upper arm. He pulled tight and tied it off. Buck did the same on his side. When they'd finished, the guy was trapped on all fours over the bar, limbs snugly joined at elbows and knees.

While they secured the prisoner, Buck noticed that the other officers had temporarily halted their own games in order to watch the events in the center yard. Even the attentions of the other prisoners were riveted on the T-bar and its helpless occupant. Somehow, Buck sensed that he was about to witness a special event. Standing behind their captive, sarge and Buck admired the firey ass hunched in the air.

"Looks just like a bitch in heat, don't he," laughed the sarge. He knelt down and spread those cheeks with his strong hands. "Give us a hawker here, private."

Buck noisily gathered all the saliva he could and let it fly. His aim was good. The sarge rubbed the spit around the man's quivering hole with his finger and roughly probed inside.

"Better hope that's enough, soldier, 'cause that's all yer gettin'!" He slapped the guy's ass hard. "Thought we'd let the boys who caught ya get in on the action. After all, they earned it!"

The prisoner froze in fear. "No!" he cried, and he really meant it. He struggled with his bonds, trying his best to wriggle free of the bar which held him bent to the ground. "You can't do that! Please! Sir!"

But the sarge paid no attention. Crossing to the wall on the right, he reached for a small door that Buck hadn't even noticed before. It looked like a sluice gate, only about two-by-three feet, and it led to the area behind the stockade which was out of view from the trail that led to the front gate. Buck wondered what could be on the other side.

The prisoner was frantic, squirming around and hollering "NO! NO!" at the top of his lungs. The sarge threw open the small door and out bounded a pack of the biggest, meanest-looking Dobermans Buck had ever seen. So there was a kennel behind the stockade! There were a half-dozen of 'em at least, and the minute they spotted the helpless prisoner they went wild. All that kept the attack dogs at bay was The Dog Master. He stepped from the kennel, ducking his huge nude and black height out the small door. Buck admired his hulking, hairy body. His deep voice resonated from his bigger balls. The Dog Master commanded the barking Dobes to silence. The prisoner squirmed, bound in the mud, terrified of their bark and their bite. The Dobes settled in a circle around their big black Master. They watched him with full attention. His thick arms and chest were matted with a heavy coat of hair. He reached down to his black uncut dick and petted it up to crotch-down size. The dogs whined in anticipation. The Dog Master spit into his palm, pissed down on the once-AWOL prisoner, and dropped his weight onto the begging man's back. His dark cock ploughed into the musky hole. The dogs went wild at the

sight of their Master humping the thick ball-head of his cock into the AWOL ass. The Dog Master pawed and rutted into the bound body. His growl came from deep in his throat as he sent load after load shooting from his black-knobbed cock-head. The dogs, at his climax, barked wildly.

"Let's go out in the woods and fuck, private," the sarge grinned.

"But what about him?"

"He'll be ok. His pride'll hurt more 'n his ass tomorrow. When The Master pisses is through with his fun, one of the guards'll let 'em go. Come on."

EPISODE 5: BIVOUAC

(0900 hours) — Looking forward to his last weekend in camp, PFC Buck Doyle felt a mixture of sadness and excitement. Sadness because he had to leave Big Timber on Monday morning for the long, lonely drive back to California. He hated to go. But school would be starting soon, and before that was football training camp.

He was excited though because this weekend was the one big event in the camp's season — Bivouac. All four companies set off for a weekend in the wilderness, each in a different direction, and each with a plentiful supply of new recruits to help with the shitwork. There were always lots of new recruits on Bivouac. Some guys came only for that weekend, signing up a year in advance for the privilege of playing packmule. It was the only time short stays were permitted.

All the regular soldiers looked forward to the big weekend, too. Even the guards who had to stay behind and keep an eye on things. With everybody else gone, they had free run of the camp and could indulge in all their sadistic games to their cock's content, both with each other and with the unlucky soldiers left behind in the stockade. That was one good reason why everybody else went out on Bivouac — to stay behind meant you were at the mercy of the sarge. Hell, they didn't have much! And it would be full two days before anyone could make it back to get you out of a jam. (If you were still alive, that is.) The other reason everybody went was just plain fun — wild, woody, and rough!

Saturday morning after mess the entire camp assembled on the parade ground. Full packs were required, of course, but the new recruits were loaded down with the heaviest equipment and tents. C Company, the one Buck belonged to, managed to snag six husky newcomers to carry their shit. That was three times the number who usually joined up on a regular week.

Greenhorns. Buck thought as he looked them over. Except for sturdy climbing boots, the recruits were stripped to the skin. Some were musclebound brutes, others hard and wiry, but all were obviously in good shape for the hike. They'd better be, the sarge warned, since they had to carry 70 lb. packs on their backs over rugged terrain. One recruit in particular caught Buck's eye — a kid about his age, maybe younger, similar in build with straight black hair, high cheekbones, and a ruddy complexion. Fiercely handsome, his obsidian eyes darted about nervously. Buck suspected that he was at least part Indian. Just watching him standing there, cocky but awkward in his nakedness, made Buck's blood rise.

"Attention!" cried Sgt. D'Angelo. "You recruits line up single file. You other guys get those packs on 'em, and double-time it!"

When the packs were in place, the sarge tied a rope around the base of cock and balls of the last guy in line, passed it up the asscrack of the dude in front of him, around his dangling meat, then forward again. A long piece was left over in front, and the sarge handed this to Buck.

"Here, Doyle. You lead 'em. And if one of 'em gets stubborn on you, use this." He handed the private a riding crop.

Buck took the rope, glad to see that the handsome black-haired boy stood at the front of the line. He tugged on his bound nuts, but the boy just stared at the ground.

"Ok, men," the sarge said. "We head west through the pines, then south along the river to the ford about a mile and a half downstream. We ought to reach it about late afternoon. Once over, we'll make camp about another three miles further in." He scowled at the bare-assed recruits. "And you pussies better keep up with the rest of the men. I don't like slackers in my outfit! You'll rest when I say so, and don't try sittin' down before that or you might find yourself missin' somethin' important!" Considering the rope which joined them together

at the crotch, they all knew what he said was true. At the very least it would hurt like hell.

"OK, C COMPANY, MOVE OUT!"

Buck pulled on the rope, clicked his tongue a few times, and grinned broadly at his naked muletrain. "Let's go guys," he said.

The company set off through the front gate, then to the west with Buck and his recruits bringing up the rear. It wasn't long before they were out of sight of camp. The morning heat soon became stifling, so most of the men removed their shirts after an hour or so. There was plenty of talk and horsing around at first, but when the trail began to rise and head up toward the river gorge, things quieted down. All you could hear was the wind and the strong, deep breathing of sweaty soldiers.

They reached the gorge by noon. Cascading from the blue-grey mountains that loomed overhead, it roared and tumbled over itself through a deep V cut in the rock. The scenery was out of this world. Exhilarated by the exercise and the fresh mountain air, Buck was super-horny. He looked over his shoulder at the black-haired boy behind him and would've liked to rape him on the spot.

The sarge let them take their first break here. The recruits were sweaty, covered with grime, and their crotches chafed from the rope. Scratches from the light underbrush laced their dirty thighs with thin red welts. Buck doled out canned rations and water, paying particular attention to the kid in front. If he noticed his special treatment, he didn't give any sign.

After lunch came the hardest part of the hike. Winding their way down the east bank of the gorge, they followed a narrow trail which hugged the cliff above the raging river. It was hair-raising even for the regular soldiers with light packs, and Buck had to use his crop several times on timid pack-mules. They had a rough time of it. If the guy in front went too fast, he yanked on the cock of the guy behind painfully. If the guy behind slowed down or tripped, he pulled your cock back between your legs and crushed your balls with the rope. It was the first time Buck was able to get a rise out of the black-haired boy. He swatted him across his tight ass with the crop, and the kid jerked around, giving him a look that would've cut through steel. Buck's cock jumped in his pants.

By late afternoon, the column reached the ford. Here all the soldiers stripped to the buff, and piling their clothes on their heads, they waded through knee-deep water. It was a beautiful sight — all those buck-asses pink against the white water, and the woods and the rocks on the other side. Buck stripped, too, and he couldn't help noticing that the black-haired recruit eyed him with more than casual interest.

"Alright, you jerks!" he said, standing naked before them. "Get your butts across that river, and don't get any of that stuff wet or you'll get my foot up your ass, boot and all!" Tugging the rope extra hard, he led them through the ice-cold stream.

No one put his fatigues back on once they reached the other side. The path was wide here with little underbrush, and it felt damn good to be free-swingin' again. Buck was in heaven, and once more he felt the sadness come over him as he thought of leaving this place. It was going to be rough re-adjusting to the up-tight world outside.

After another hour or so through pine forest, they broke out into a large clearing of fairly level field. With a wave of his hand, the sarge brought the bare-assed column to a halt.

"Ok, men. We'll make camp here. Doyle!"

"Yes, sir!"

"Unload them mules and put 'em to work!"

"Yes, sir!"

Buck untied the rope and let the recruits drop their packs. Rubbing their cocks and shaking their arms to bring back circulation, they only got a couple of minutes rest before Buck had them on the move again, unloading packs and supplies. All the men pitched in to set up camp, but the recruits did most of the dirty work — digging latrine trenches, chopping firewood, stuff like that. The black-haired boy was particularly handy with an axe. He collected more wood in an hour than two of the other guys combined. Buck kept a close watch over him as he worked, fascinated by the supple ripple of muscles that ran across his broad back with each swing of the heavy tool.

Soon the sun sat fat and red on the horizon, the tents were up, and the fire was going great. Steaks were cooking over live

PUMPING ROGER

Acts, Facts, & Fantasy

by
Jack Frittscher

No two ways about it: I love, adore, and worship Roger. I would eat his shorts. I would sleep on Roger-printed sheets and pillowcases. I would hang Roger wallpaper inside and outside my house. On my deathbed, I'd settle for one last glimpse of his Charles-Bronson face and Botticelli body.

I've watched Roger at my gym. He works out heavy, stripped to the waist, and barefoot. His grey sweatpants darken with triangular wet patches in the front, below his navel, and in the rear at the small of his back. A line of white jockstrap holds tight against his smooth skin as the sweatpants slip down from his waist toward his tight butt. He stops to hitch them up. He tightens the drawstring. He wipes his hands dry on his thighs. He ignores the mirror. He spreads a clean white towel over the vinyl-covered bench. He crosses to the weight rack arranged in a neat row along the wall. He glances quickly into the mirror to gauge the pump of his workout. His hands wipe again down his thighs. He inhales. His chest rises. Each hand turns into an iron fist as he grips a pair of 85 pound weights. He walks back to the bench. The poundage he totes striates the muscles of his forearms and deltoids. He looks neither to the right or left. He sits his ass down at the end of the bench, places a weight on the floor at each ankle, rests his forearms on his thighs, and breathes deep. His thick shoulders rise. His black hair falls soft across his forehead. He is deep in concentration.

DOLLY, ARNOLD, & ROGER

The gym is at an off-hour. Only four or five guys are working out. From the office, a radio plays country-western music. On the office window hick-chic Dolly Parton poses in front of Arnold Schwarzenegger. Her hands rest on her black pantsuited hips. Her blonde wig piles high enough to hide most of Arnold's face. Out of her shoulders jut Arnold's huge arms in full biceps shot. Out of her hip shoots one of Arnold's enormous legs. Dolly is laughing. Arnold is smiling. They know they are jokes.

On his towel-covered bench, Roger meditates in heavy concentration. Roger is no joke, no Parton put-on, no Schwarzenegger. His well-muscled body remains natural enough to appeal to those

who aren't into heavyweight body-builders, and super enough to turn on men who are. An aura of nobility surrounds him, protects his privacy from invasion. I can only look at him from a distance, through mirrors brightly, so as not to disturb his concentration.

His head raises. He throws himself an ok-let's-go look in the mirror. Each hand lifts a weight to each thigh. He lays back on the towel-covered bench. His arms bulge with the weights as he pulls the iron back to his pecs. He raises his bare feet from the floor and tucks his heels up against his ass. His toes curl over the bench edge — the way they curl down when he comes on film. The small of his back flattens out. The position allows him no cheating. He has concentrated his attention and arranged his body to isolate his upper torso for full workout. He begins the set, raising one 85-pound weight at a time. Left. Then right. A full set of eight reps for each arm and pec. He pumps the heavy weight at low reps to build the bulk that has changed the beach-n-bike centerfold body of two years ago into the full-blown man's body that thousands pay to see perform.



ROGER: ONCE IS NOT ENOUGH

In San Francisco, New York, Washington, and Los Angeles, Roger's SRO appearances cause lines to rival *Star Wars*. At New York's Jewel Theater, the crush of fans literally caved in the plate glass of the box-office. Any man who has seen Roger once will see Roger twice. Once is definitely not enough.

At the gym, as he works each set, the sweat glistens on Roger's body. It beads into rivulets, puddles on his abs, runs off his thick pecs, and out of his armpits. If ever a Holy Grail were needed to catch the sacred run-off, now is the time. Every day for two hours and twenty minutes, Roger pumps, not some slick chromium machine, but heavy metal. He's pumped for four years now, since he was nineteen. In two years, he wants to have won a major physique contest title. In the meantime, at the right times, he leads a life as disciplined as his workouts. Roger isn't one of those professionally great gay bodies topped by a jaded acid face.

Roger is Mom's Apple Pie baked by Tom of Finland.

His face is the key: after the muscles, after the enormous cock, comes the surprise of that face. Altogether in the altogether, Roger is a very real package: body, face, energy, and aura. Privately, he has his singular personality. But publicly, he is also the stuff of fantasy.

I know.

I made love to Roger and lived.

Only because our fuck was a close encounter of the second kind.

I mean I started out cynically. Roger-Schmoger. Just another gay beef-twinkie. Straight beefcake has always been preferable, even though that's almost a contradiction in terms, because all along the iron-grapevine rumors run rampant that most physique stars play the price is right. Even Arnold will pose, the gym-gossip goes, for a thousand bucks an hour. If that's true, more power to Arnold. He's earned the adulation. If he bothers to deny it, a fickle public will only think of the Shakespearean lady who doth protest, especially since, before the big San Jose Physique Show, Arnold stated flat out on TV that he knew no bodybuilders who used drugs, and then a year later when asked why he was glad he retired, he stated it was mainly he didn't want to take steroids anymore. Steroids are drugs, so is that a lie, or just another example of Germanic amnesia? Anyway, for a thousand bucks a session who is

kinky enough to make love to a Panzer tank? Who needs a close encounter of the Third Reich?

ROGER: "I NEED A LOT OF LOVING."

Now with Roger something besides gay beef-tweak comes through. After all, Christopher, Castro, and Melrose are paved with hunky physical specimens. Who wouldn't, in the words of *Boys in the Band*, trade his immortal soul for a lifetime of such skindope transitory physical beauty? So I made a pact with the devil. I sold my soul for Roger—or at least spent a lot of cash following his career. In a year I watched him grow at the gym, in still photos at Wakefield Poole's studio, in movies with Jack Wrangler, on stage in live performance, and in a movie of my own.

Roger admits he needs a lot of loving, and rumor again has it that although Roger recently married straight, an evening's pleasure with the man runs around five hundred. Bucks hardly matter when spending time with Roger on-stage, on-screen, on-whatever. When I pay my doctor for his time, I'm paying him for all the preparation he went through to present patients at any given moment with his skill. This is Roger's moment, and dollars detract nothing from him, if he trades off his energetic preparation. Besides, if for one minute I thought Roger would cruise into a bar and give it away, he would be like everybody else.

Of course, if I had five hundred bucks, I might consider a night with Roger, but maybe some fantasies are better left alone. Why destroy in the third kind, encounters that can only be perfect when kept as the second kind? Why lay something impossibly divine on a mortal? Roger, like Redford, can get too much of a good thing. Some men prefer only to stand opposite Roger to watch him flex while they jerk off. That is, after all, the voyeuristic essence of Roger's on-stage act.

Roger has come a long way from the Florida go-go boy he was when he was "discovered." He claims he'll still be in shape at fifty (2004 A.D.), so I hope he's bulking on workouts and proteins, not steroids, and that his manager smartly invests his money in real estate or whatever, so after Roger's comet flashes across the stages, screens, and skies, he will have something left at fifty—at least part of what Paul Newman has now at 53. Tennessee Williams has said about Roger, "You can be young with money, but you can't be old without money." After what I've seen Roger give, I'd kill any motherfucker who abuses that boy and leaves him nothing.

ROGER: NATIONAL ENDOWMENT FOR THE ARTS

To know Roger's face, to stare into his eyes, is to fuck his soul, I know: I shot him with telephoto super-8 color Ektachrome, close-up from thirty feet away. I respect his space, but movie portraiture is my specialty: holding the camera on a man's face until the pose, the look, the mask, the attitude melts and the soul comes through. Similar footage got me Colt Superstar Ledermeister who, not so long ago was and still is in my book, one

of the first and greatest gay Fantasy Men. On-duty straight cops also are easy prey for the telephoto lens that closes in tight for face shots that melt the celluloid: especially when the cop is getting just a little pissed that he's being photographed but can't do anything about it—that's when his public mask breaks down and he throws his look of utter contempt at the camera to establish his straight macho, because he knows deep down that some guy sometime will jerk off on the footage of his face. And he's right. Movie portraiture gets a shot more whole than a snap. A still photographer clicks a single frame, even with a Canon AE-1, and often captures only the subject's mask. A cinematographer breaks through that. What I shot at the gay parade and what Wakefield Poole shot of Daryl Roger Hanson's face and act is the same: Roger the Real, I like/love what I saw/see in Roger: what I encountered at the gym, what I have seen on-stage, and what Wake Poole discovered shooting the same Roger in multiple stills and even more revealingly on motion-picture film.

PUMPING ROGER

Roger, like Ann-Margret, uses one name. Fans catch on quicker. Next to his manager, writer Charles Herschberg has probably provided more personal information on Daryl Roger Hanson than anyone. The Herschberg profile reveals Roger as a Detroit Capricorn, Libra rising, born 1954, youngest of three brothers, a health nut for vitamins, doesn't drink or smoke tobacco, posed nude for college art classes, in 1972 began a two-year Navy hitch, and gets his main high from sex. Sexually his movies reveal him to be a veritable one-man Kama Sutra.

Stars are not born; they are more often delivered by Caesarian calculation. Roger, like Elvis, had to be "created" the way Henry sophisticated Eliza. Roger's mentor is a former Florida marketing man: Jim Bacon. Bacon is aggressive, but he's not pushy. Back in Florida, he tried three times to get up the courage to go backstage and talk to the fabulous go-go boy. Finally, Bacon introduced himself to Hanson. They liked each other, talked business, took over 2,000 Polaroid pictures of Hanson in every erotic pose possible (Super-8 cinematography would have gotten them the same end result faster and cheaper), and in the straight-forward tradition of American entrepreneurship began the creation of ROGER.

Enter Herschberg. Herschberg is a good journalist with the good sense to talk to Daryl Roger Hanson and to let Daryl Roger Hanson talk. Most men can't talk to Roger. His charisma leaves them speechless. (The same is true of Streisand and Redford: what would you say after you said "hello"?). So with the words that Herschberg has written, the act that Bacon has tutored, and the film that Poole has shot, Roger is available neatly packaged for anything your head, your hand, and your popper can imagine. They are the Trinity behind the God.

ROGER'S ACT

No connoisseur of well-purveyed meat ever misses a Mr. Teenage This or Mr.

America That contest. America has a horde of beefed-up, buffed up, oiled-down, and iron-pumped meat flexing on posing platforms from dirty YMCAs through slick State Fairs and big city auditoriums all the way to muscle exhibitions at the Museum of Modern Art. So when a Roger comes along, it's like finding Prime Rib in among a bunch of ham sandwiches.

Roger ain't your ordinary lunch.

Bacon has seen to that.

When Roger's mixed-media live show is in town, the SRO audience sits patiently filling amyl bullets and arranging jackets in their laps. To the left and right of my front row center seat every lap had a jacket-tent and every tent had a pole. Waiting for Roger is nothing like waiting for Godot, because in this show God is gonna arrive.

The houselights dim. Real poppers, saved like vintage champagne for a special occasion, snap in the darkness: inhalation therapy. An overhead spotlight comes up slowly revealing Roger locked into a still-life pose on a raised platform. The light cascades down his tanned body. The audience sits in silent awe. Is he live or is he Memorex? Then the vision, omigod, *moves*. He glides from one classic physique pose to another. Hands start jacking off in the dark. Roger, alone lit by light, is all there is in the world. His face is energy. He hits a double biceps shot, holds it, pulls his thick arms slowly down, palms his ass, pushes his hips forward, and works his thighs, isolating the muscles in each leg, poppers isolating to isolate, isometrics, making them bulge out like huge cocks caught under his skin.

His breathing is heavy with the exertion. He seems unaware of the audience out in the darkness. He is a study in concentration as he flexes each body part, tightening his truly washboard belly, and then finally, raising his mighty arms slowly out from his broad shoulders, he hits again the double bicep shot, and then conjuring with all his might, sweat pouring off his face and dripping to his pecs tipped with dark hot nipples, he swings his full-flexed arms down, fists clenched, shoulders hunched, chest swelled and thickened, locking into the classic "crab" pose, the "Most Muscular" pose that always knocks 'em dead at physique contests. He tightens down harder, veins popping over the defined bulk of his whole body. He juts his chin out. For the first time, and with no narcissism, he seems finally to acknowledge the audience with a look that announces, "I am here."

For one brief shining moment, Roger freezes into presenting himself in his full body armor: a perfect living flesh sculpture. Shoulders, chest, arms, and belly all tighten down on top his narrow hips and ass and thickly tensed legs. And his chin, under his face, intense in its frame of dark hair and dark moustache, holds steady as his coal-dark eyes reach into the audience. He stands stock still and the ceiling spot fades down and out. *Roger is Man the way Man should ideally be.*

The theater goes crazy. Less of Roger is not more. To the left and right, jackets are tossed like inhibitions from laps.

Continued on page 68



In the meantime, if you are not a member and want to run an ad, fill out the form below and multiply your number of words by 25c. THEN CUT THE TOTAL IN HALF! This is a one time deal, but you can buy as many repeats of your ad as you wish at this price. DRUMMER'S Unclassified is going to be the biggest collection of person-to-person ads anywhere. It may even get so big that we'll have to classify the damn things!

DRUMMER 55

DRUMMER 57

MONTREAL, QUEBEC, S. Aries, 30, 5'11", 160, White, 9". Old hand. Will respect and expand limits of willing slave to 40 who like pain, games, B&O. No terms, Fax 3187.
 OXFORD, ENGLAND, S. Aries, 30, 5'11", 145, White, 9". Old hand. Will respect and expand limits of willing slave to 40 who loves leather and wearing heavy masculine boots. No sneaker or Adidas types Box 265.

ENGLAND

ISLE OF MAN, M. Sagittarius, 52, 6", 214, White, 5'10". Novice. Trained up on bondage, boxing gloves, hood, rubber, W/S. Seeks firm trusting, non-bitch Master. Eager to try new toys, positions, gear, poppers, chain bondage Box 225.
 LONDON, S. Aquarius, 47, 5'9", 175, White, 7". Old hand. Must be able to meet partner with similar enjoyment of the sexual pleasure. Occasionally travels to New York, Maryland, C.O., California. No scat. Box 149.
 LONDON, M. Gemini, 40, 6", 160, White, 7 1/2". Knowledgeable. Seeks heavy rear action with masculine, well-endowed partner. No fags, scat Box 297.

GERMANY

KELSTERBACH, S.M. Capricorn, 29, 6'3", 183, White, 7 1/2". Knowledgeable. Active, seeks horny-looking, well-built partner to 45. Tentative as to hardcore S&M. Box 233.

HOLLAND

THE HAGUE, S.M. Pisces, 32, 5'11", 148, White, 6'1/2". Knowledgeable. Also likes same, S&M, W/S, FF, leather gear and boots. Visits U.S.A. at least once a year. Looking for masculine partner with same interests. Box 295M.

SWEDEN

JOHANNESTAD, S.M. Gemini, 26, 6'1", 171, White, 7 1/2". Knowledgeable. Seeks good-looking, well-educated leather fetishist, preferably biker, to 35. Must like traveling. Box 226.

SWITZERLAND

GENEVA, M. Taurus, 35, 5'9", 136, White, Uncut with two rings in foreskin. Obedient, submissive, heavy into bondage. Seeks honest, strict, extremely intelligent partner to 45. No body odor, fags, dirt Box 185/25.
 LAUSANNE, S.M. Aquarius, 33, 5'9", 160, White, Old hand. Good-looking and adaptable, wants honest contact who is really interested in leather and S&M Box 188Z.

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SAN CLEMENTE, M. Scorpio, 33, clean-cut, 5'8", 144, white, 6 1/2". Heavy novice, unshaved, submissive, masculine, open to most anything except bodily injury or excessive pain. No fags, scat, permanent, drinks. Interests in light B&O, FF, ball work, being used. Box CA-348.

GRAND RAPIDS, S.M. Pisces, 34, 5'10", 150, white, 7 1/2", masculine, versatile. Into S&M, water sports, leather, boots, Chastity, W/S, Levi's, casual, beer, cigarette. No fags, fims, credit. Photo. Box CA-349.

W/M, 32, dips active, passive French and English. Likes shoes, feet. Let's blow and J/O. Box CA-342.

CHICAGO AREA, Hot action wanted, W/M, 6'10", looking for all types of action, especially Greek and B&O. Also outdoor, group and public scenes. Send photo and phone to Box CA-333.

NEW YORK, M. Gemini, 31, 6", 166, 6" Super-hot kinky blond slaveboy craves far-out immobility, total domination, kinky discipline/humiliation from ruthless strict S with super tool, 5" cut cock. Force-meets: make this buck live, eat, submit like a dog, beg for mercy and permission to cut. Reward with beating, teasing, chastity, S&M. Also outdoor, group humiliating scene. Travels, pays food. Box CA-332.

SAVANNAH, S.M. Taurus, 45, 6'1", 185, 7 1/2", white, experienced, bodybuilding and contact quality builds, posing, oil, shaving, toys, 100, role playing, fetishism, you-name-it. Limits restricted. Fantasies possible. Send photo. Box CA-347.

NYC, NASSAU COUNTY, FF. Discreet service for couples, 20s to 40s by W/M, 33, 5'11", 160, French, Greek, etc. Groups OK. Box CA-345.

HOLLYWOOD, M, 31, and 40, seek three-ways. Want to share seven-year relationship with one or two. Easy to learn. No heavy drugs. Let's talk. Box CA-337.

DALLAS, M. Libra, 26, 6", 185, white, 6". Into everything bottom. Any valid handsome and have a hot ass ready for everything to 40. I. Seeking heavy rear action with well-endowed partner. Into FF. Box CA-339.

SLAVE TO SERVE with mind and body. Possible permanent relationship. Crawl, beg, discipline, humiliation, bootwork, W/S, S&M, verbal games. 6'3", 190, brown-bearded intelligent novice seeks arrogant, attractive Leather/Levi's master, cowboy, con in Boston. Box CA-343.

CALIFORNIA ADRIANIAN looking for hot, raunchy, face-slappers who wear dirt Levi's, briefs, jocks and Leather. Call (415) 961-6440 for tongue service.

BEAR - BUTCH, COCKY, HAIRY ASHLEY - needs strong Master, wild and wicked, strict and sensitive to make me grovel. Verbal humiliation, bootwork, W/S, S&M, creative games. 6'3", 190, brown-bearded intelligent novice seeks arrogant, attractive Leather/Levi's master, cowboy, con in Boston. Box CA-343.

GALIFORNIA ADRIANIAN looking for hot, raunchy, face-slappers who wear dirt Levi's, briefs, jocks and Leather. Call (415) 961-6440 for tongue service.

ARLINGTON, VIRGINIA, S. Taurus, 36, 5'7", 135, white, 6 1/2". Novice. Lean, smooth body wants hairy, experimental types to teach me. Must be well-built, 25-40, super-smooth, wanting to be dominated into fantasy trip. No heavy S&M. Photo to Mast. Box CA-338.

HOT SLAVE, 25, 5'10", 155, bearded, wants to be kidnapped, arrested, held captive and tortured by other hot guys. Wants rough stuff. Dig bondage, heavy tit, cock and ball torture, clamps, weights, catheters, pit, piercings, electricity. Want to be physically and mentally dominated and controlled. MARK, Box 4778, San Francisco, CA 94101. (415) 861-2296.

MEET GAY MEN NATIONWIDE through "Goldenrod" Personal ads placed by gays and with their wild photos. Many addresses. Caring to all states. Send \$5.00 for 42 page issue, \$5 to Goldenrod, 162 West 42nd St., Room 418-D, New York, NY 10036.

PITTSBURGH AREA MASTER, 40, MW, requires slave any age - total body S&M. FF, W/S, take domination, humiliation. Have own equipment for hot, heavy scenes. Come serve your strict Master! B/D, W/S, FF. Send detailed interested writer. Box 534, New Kensington, PA 15068. (412) 274-8364.

LIKE HOT TIE TO - OR WOULD YOU LIKE HOT TIE TO BE? Shave, clean, trim, no hair, clean, plus an entire line of groovy clothing for the macho man. Send a check for our catalogue, Please state 21. The Emporium, 5460 Santa Monica Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90029.

SLAVE - STRIPPED, SHACKLED, SHAVED, BELTED, BOOTED, Lathered and waiting for your orders. Leather, rubber, hood, boots, etc. Will be used to extract \$AVE. P.O. Box 9601, Seattle, WA 98110.

MAKE YOUR FANTASIES COME TRUE. W/M, 31, 6", 160 wants to explore his/herself with you. No W/S, W/S, Chastity, no fags, fims, fenned. Send photo and phone to Box CA-328.

LOVELY LEVI-LEATHER BIKER, DRUMMER lost your address. Please write The Leather Fraternity or Buddy, 416 Rio Verde St., Daly City, CA 94014.

RED-HOT LIPS and SUPER-TIGHT BUNS need action!! Horny inexperienced M made horny white Stud Master to teach me all. Dig B&O, C/B, French, Greek, J/O, W/S, light S&M and scat. Send pic and desire to Jerry Bushman, 1616 Jackson, Wichita KS 67203.

Slim novice seeks light S&M, spanking, bondage and domination by young (18-30) white, slim partner. Box CA-331.

WASHINGTON, VIRGINIA SUBURBS, 40s, 5'11", 180, well-built. Seeks partners for bondage, working over, no heavy pain but realistic scenes. Either role. Will be prisoner, but not slaves. Will verbalize and strain, but not grovel. Torture a MAN, not a shy. Can travel weekends. Box CA-330.

LET MY HANDS INVENT A NEW LANGUAGE on your body by gentle caresses and erotic stimulation. No burning hurtling or slapdash. Dig discreetly into your own fantasies and experience your own pleasure. No fags, fims, no bottom. No relationships or commitment. No call or correspond to begin. Box CA-334.

FANTASY TRIPPING? Describe your fantasy persona in 25 words or less, receive a 250-word personalized story, custom-written to your sexual fantasies. Send \$5.00 and receive \$5.00 cover creativity and handling. Please state name, sex, SASE to Box CA-320.

ACHTUNG! S.M. MALES! I'm into leather, rubber, heavy B&O, W/S, all tortures. Visiting Holland, England, Germany, NYC in April; Hong Kong and Australia in October. Let's meet for real action! Age, looks secondary; equipment/facilities primary. All genuine replies answered. Box CA-325.

NOVICE SLAVE NEEDS MASTER, White, 31, 5'11", 155 lbs. Will obey, serve and worship partner, understanding Master who respects limits. No sadism, no sexual humiliation, no showers, only all desires. Prefer discreet, well-built, hairy-chested, white slave to 50. DF, 1111 N. No 74th, W. 47th, Oklahoma City, 73129.

SHAVE HEADS TURN ME ON! W/M, 30, 5'11", bearded, hairy body, seeks good-looking masculine slave. Needs hairy, hairy needs. Enjoy light S&M and smoke-arotic. No fags, fims or abusive situations. Photos get sent. Serious replies only. Box CA-341.

ADOPT ME AS YOUR UNCLE GEORGE to teach you and your ass, and use my life as a bike seat or saddle. All races, slim, muscular, bodybuilders, students, military, university students, all types. Dirty talk and dirty talk. Call Uncle George in St. Louis, (314) 621-0140, or write Box CA-335.

ENGLISHMAN, Gemini, young, 40, 5'10", 154, needs master, Into Leather, denim. Not jealous, other relationships. Give material but very versatile. Hard working. Domesticated. Will slave/servant/love genuine person. Travel anywhere. Write air mail to Box CA-340.

MASTER, W/M, 6", 200 lbs., black hair and beard. Seeks total slave for possible relationship. No fags, fims, no bottom. Will respect limits if agreeable to training. Must submit to whip for disobedience. Will correspond with slave. Send detailed interested writer with picture to Fred, 25, 815 Maple Ave, Oak Park, IL 60302 or call (312) 383-4290.

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S.H.A.V.E., Shaved Heads and Varied Erotica. This is the information for men into the shaving scene. For more information write to Box 458, New York, NY 10036 or call (212) 742-1669 between 11 a.m. and 5 p.m.

DALLAS-FORT WORTH AREA, M. Libra, 46, 6'1", 175, white, 6'3", Educated, masculine, wants real uniformed motorcycle officer for police domination, training and discipline. Sincerely interested and eager to learn from me! Submit to understanding officer who will respect as well as expand limits and knowledge. Absolute discretion assured and expected. Box CA-322.

BRAND NEW LARRY TOWNSEND'S LEATHERMAN'S WORKBOOK NO. 6 with illustrations by Sean. The Workbook is now available for the press. Send \$9.95 to ROBERT PAVEN, 7985 Santa Monica Blvd., Ste. 219, Box 112, Hollywood, CA 90046. Complete your set! We'll pay the postage. California residents add 6% sales tax.

G/L, W/M 140s) pledges face, mouth, tongue to keep slim, white box' toes and big head clean. Sit! Box 18, Brooklyn, NY 11230.

UP THE ASS IS A GAS! FIST FUCKING SLING made of finest leather to hang you tight! \$35.00 each. Mail to: Mast. Send \$5.00 to Robert Pavlen, 7985 Santa Monica Blvd., Ste. 219, Box 112, Hollywood, CA 90046. Complete your set! We'll pay the postage. California residents add 6% sales tax.

FORT LAUDERDALE, M. Scorpio, 27, white, 5'9", 6", 170 lbs. Have orafant desires who will satisfy me in or over. Top K, W/S, fags, scat or mutilation. Box CA-323.

HOT, EXPERIENCED, INSATIABLE bottom with masculine good looks wants masculine well-endowed top with endurance. LA area. Into anything/everything but scat. Please, no bottom "play"ing. Top Box 220.

Photo of male high school SWIMMERS (20 semi-nude photos) and WRESTLERS (20 action close-ups). Order from Leland Wright, Jr., Box 2474-D, Rolling Hills Estate, CA 90274. (Photos are BSW offset copies which vary in size to "x8").

NEW YORK, M. Pisces, 27, 6", 175, White, 7". Muscular. Seeks white leather Master over 35 who is muscular, dominant and into total control. Must be able to take a full S&M, water sports, pain, tit work and total domination of this masculine slave. No limits or fags. Please write to me, Box 21, Kell Jordan, 210 E. 67 St., NYC, NY 10021.

Hairy Chested Novices Illustrated in Hirsute appreciation study. 31 plus stamp. C. Knut, Box 570, Harrisburg, PA 17108 (23 S. 2nd St.) Use number.

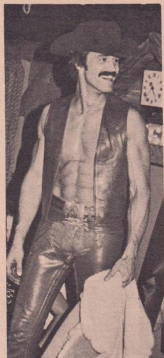
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AUSTRALIAN MASTER, 33, wishes worldwide correspondence and to receive photos from bikers, cowboy, bodybuilders - Ms or Mr. Send \$5.00 to receive a free catalog, age, F/F, W/S, enemas, scat, T/T and humiliation. Also into Levi's, Leather, uniforms, chaps, all types of toys. Let us know if you are frank and dirty when replying by air mail. Box CA-327.

DRUMMER 61

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Vest \$40.00
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Visa (Bank Americard) and Master Charge accepted. Inc card no. & exp. date. Measuring chart and instructions sent on request. IL residents add 5% local tax.



PITTSBURGH AREA MASTER, 40, W/M, requires slave any age - total body slave and take domination, humiliation. Have own equipment for hot, heavy scenes. Come serve your strict Master! B/D, W/S, FF, etc. If interested, write: Box 534, New Kensington, PA 15068, (412) 274-8354.

SLAVE NEEDS MASTER. LARRY, Box 348, Wayzata, MN 55391, (612) 473-0904.

THE CAGE AND CHAIR IN ISSUE 17 are my idea of how a slave should be trained. Unfortunately I have never met anyone with equipment to do it. I am badly in need of caging, bondage & humiliation so that I can become a real slave and not just be playing the part for a night. Live in New York, but get to coast and Chicago at least once a year. Jack (212) 858-6014.

I NEED W/S - give or get - call anytime, day or night, until you reach me. Jay, 6'3", 36 years old, blond, hot, horny. (213) 876-6137.

UP THE ASS IS A GASI FIST FUCKING SLING made of finest leather to hang you high! Only \$35.00 plus 10% shipping and 6% tax for California residents. Send an extra two bucks for our catalogue of finest leather merchandise. Please state 21 or over. The Cellar, 256 S. Robertson Blvd., Beverly Hills, California 90211.

WANTED: SLAVE - B&D and light S&M. Submit photo, details & phone to: Mark, Box 5788, Chicago, IL 60680.

Vacancy. One Master. Two slaves. Western Canada. (604) 921-7721. Anytime.

KEY WEST PARTNERS eager to put out welcome mat/sing for FF, TT brothers. Hurricane Alley, Box 552, Key West, FL 33040, (305) 296-8816.

FACE SITTERS/STUDENT (23) ADDICTED assicker, wants hard, raunchy men (esp. bearded) who love their asses and want them worshipped. Sit your big, beautiful ass on my face and let me please you, sir! G.L. McKinney, Apt. 1004, 4500 Jane St., Downsview, Ontario, Canada M3N 2K6.

NEW YORK, M. Libra, Late 50s, 6'3", 180. White. 5". White-haired man of distinction type will serve virile male, any age or race, who has fantasies of beating Daddy's ass, fucking the professor who failed him in French, pissing into his priest or making his boss suck his asshole. Have poppers, toys, dog collar. Box 290X.

D.C. HUNG W/M, 26, wants to receive Greek, FF, enemas, animals. Box CA-313.

OKLAHOMA CITY - 31, white, 155 lbs. Novice slave seeks complete domination by hunky, masculine, hairy-chested Master to 45. Teach me humiliation, begging, pissing, asslicking, handcuffing, to serve. Photos. LDP 117 S.W. 74th, No. F, OKC, OK 73139.

FT. LAUDERDALE. Levi, leather, knowledgeable. Two white (31 and 41). No fems, fats, scat, blacks, blood, heavy drugs. Box CA-314.

BOSTON. M, Leo, 40, 5'7", 150. Novice. Eager to learn from and serve selfish, arrogant Master who will accept limitations. Box CA-315.

J/O - TITS - Visual trips - touch J/O - Tits, Narcissistic men send photo and info to Box 7185, Northend Station, Detroit, MI 48208.

EROTIC CLASSICAL MALE NUDE STATUES. Hand-cast, kiln-fired. Free info.: FEATS OF CLAY, 1555 Magazine St., Dept. D, New Orleans, LA 70130.

NOVICE M SEEKS MASTER. Sexy, attractive Scorpio, 31, 5'11", 145 lbs., wants hot, attractive, dominant to break me into B&D submission, Levis, boots, other scenes. Have wild imagination - do you? Phone, photo to Post Office Box 5252, FDR Station, New York, New York 10022.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY EDWARDS. NJ, NYC, Eastern PA. Body builders, musclemen, leathermen and slaves. Legitimate, discreet photographer will photograph you, for your use only, in privacy of your place or mine. Write with phone number for details to Box CA-311.

ASIAN, mid-20s, nice-looking, slim build, interested in light S&M. Seeks Caucasian Master near own age. Must be Greek active, have nice build. For more details, send photo and phone number to P.O. Box 22284, San Francisco, CA 94122.

WANTED - SLAVE into humiliation and related subjects. Must be discreet W/M with hairy body, no hang-ups. Only letters with photo answered. Pacific NW area. Box CA-312.

NEW ORLEANS. Slim, attractive, 24-year-old W/M, new to bondage, seeks firm, imaginative but understanding Master. Write JPR, P.O. Box 2682, New Orleans, LA 70176.

S/M, B/D, W/S, FETISHES. Find one who shares your interests. Read SMADS. Send \$1.50 for sample copy. State over 21. Box 712, NYC, NY 10011 (100 Bank, 5A).

BOULDER: S, Taurus, 35, 5'10", 150, white, 6'4". Seeks slim M for service, bondage, jocks, leather, Levis. Limits respected. Box CA-301

UNCLASSIFIED

DOMINANT, AGGRESSIVE MASTER wants slave to 45. You as must require whipping. You must need to suck my big, hairy balls and my asshole. If you need discipline, B&D and fantasy/plain by a 39, 6'2", butch Master, write Box CA-324.

VERY PERSONAL LETTERS. Correspond with young blond satyr who's hunky, hot and hung, but most of all, eager to please. No mimeographed trash. This bitch hellion is live! To start this very special continual correspondence, just send \$5 to Kyle, Box 50336, Washington, D.C. 20004 (1742 G St.). I can do it for you!

CENTRAL INDIANA - 34, W/M, 155 lbs., accepting applications from hot butts eager to raise ass to Master for leather and cock warm-up. Box CA-154.

J/O YOUR GAME? JOIN US! Our Club is a group of good-looking young guys (18-40) who are into J/O. Send us your photo and a SASE for details. Get into something good! P.O. Box 534, White Plains, NY 10602.

I NEED W/S - give or get - call anytime, day or night, until you reach me. Jay, 6'3", 36 years old, blond, hot, horny. (213) 876-6137.

DIG PIERCING? Get the PFI Quarterly, the piercing fan's newsletter. \$8 a year (\$10 foreign) brings you 4 issues of art, articles and ads PLUS your own FREE listing. Subscribe now from: GAUNTLET ENT., Box 3950, Dept. 12, Beverly Hills, CA 90212 (850 N. San Vicente, LA 90069).

DRUM

DRUM CAME UPON A GAS STATION IN AN ISOLATED AREA TO FIND THE YOUNG ATTENDANT BEING ROBBED AND ASSULTED BY THREE BIKERS. DRUM MANAGED TO IMPRISON TWO IN A STORE ROOM, WHILE FIGHTING THE THIRD THEY UPSET SOME OIL DRUMS...





THAT'S ALL
THREE OF YOU
ASSHOLES MADE
HARMLESS...

... I'LL SEE
WHERE THE KID
GAS ATTENDANT'S
GOT TO.



...THERE YOU ARE, KID. TWO
OF THE PUNKS LOCKED UP...
THE THIRD CHAINED...
SO THEY'LL
BE NO MORE
TROUBLE




ARE YOU ALRIGHT?
...DID THEY HURT
YOU? I MEAN, DID
THEY...

... NO. IT'S OK...
YOU CAME ALONG
BEFORE THEY
HAD TIME TO...

RIGHT... YOU CAN CALL THE
COPS TO COME AND PICK THIS
BUNCH UP... AFTER I'VE GOT
ALL THIS OIL OFF ME... PUT
THE HOSE-PIPE ONTO THE HOT
WATER SUPPLY AND GET ME
LOTS OF DETERGENT...



FIRST TIME
I'VE USED
MOTOR OIL AS
A LUBE JOB...



NOW, LET'S SEE HOW
GOOD YOU ARE WITH
SOAP AND A SCRUBBING
BRUSH.

THANKS,
KID, YOU DID A
SWELL JOB - NOW
I'VE GOT TO
GET GOING!

WILL I SEE
YOU AGAIN,
DRUM?

WHO KNOWS.
I'VE GOTTA KEEP
MOVIN', MY BALLS
START TO ITCH
IF I STAY IN ONE
PLACE TOO LONG ...
SO LONG, KID!

DRUMMER Views The Flicks



The Choirboys

On several levels, *The Choirboys* is not to be missed.

For those of you who have been too long in the dungeon, this is the "inside" view of big-city policemen first revealed in that Joe Wambaugh novel. The term "choirboys" comes from their want to stage periodic drunken revels which they call "choir practice," complete with booze, babes, and horseplay, to relieve the strain caused by what they have to take from criminals, the taxpayers, and their own superior officers.

This Lorimar/Arjone Production (for Universal) stars, in the traditionally alphabetical order, Charles Durning, Louis Gossett, Jr., Perry King, Clyde Kusatsu, Stephen Macht, Tim McIntire, Randy Quaid, Chuck Sacchi, Don Stroud, James Woods, and Burt Young — someone for everybody. It has been directed by the estimable Robert Aldrich from a screenplay (which Wambaugh hates) by Christopher Knopf.

Flesh and fury abound: one cop is caught in flagrante delicto, others skinny dip. Perry King, a masochist, submits himself to a b & d whore and is caught in the passive act of being whipped by her (so ashamed is he by the exposure that he commits suicide). There is also an interesting revelation of police entrapment methodology, the "pervert patrol," in a men's restroom. On the other hand, a sympathetic view of homosexuality is provided in the treatment and performance of Michael Wills.

So, you can enjoy it for its kinkier scenes, for its confirmation of what you've always felt to be the truth about antagonistic men in blue whose salaries we all help pay, or just for 119 minutes of slam-bang, foul-mouthed entertainment. While A.F.I. may never consider it among "the 50 best," you may even be inclined to see it twice. I know I will, but I'm not about to tell you why.

— Ed Franklin

Semi-Tough

Semi-Tough unfortunately reveals the same ambivalence that flawed two of director Michael Ritchie's former films, *Smile* and *Downhill Racer*. Ritchie is a guy who *cares*, who wants to make serious statements about man's condition, but who keeps choosing properties with such intrinsically frivolous entertainment values that they tend to be in direct conflict with his basic purpose.

The film under consideration here is a textbook example. Based on Dan Jenkins' episodic novel, this "David Merrick Presentation," released by United Artists, is an action-comedy with Burt Reynolds and Kris Kristofferson as two pro football roommate jocks sharing digs — but, unaccountably, *not* sexual favors — with Jill Clayburgh. It's your classic Gable-Tracy-Loy triangle, updated with some of the bluest language since *Slapshot*.

This is not a football movie: only 10

minutes of the film take place on the gridiron. It is, rather, a send-up of the outrageous indignities athletes endure in order to psych themselves up for a game: faith healers, est practitioners, pyramid power enthusiasts, and physical therapists (the scene in which venerable Lotte Lenya "pelfs" Reynolds virtually into a bloody pulp at her Institute of Muscular Harmony is especially recommended to DRUMMER readers).

Lots and lots of fun and flesh here, with serious statements re the nefarious shennigans inherent to professional sports in the U.S. of A. pretty much lost in the huddle. Reynolds' role is tailor-made to his now overly-familiar macho caricature, while Kristofferson is restrained by a much less showy part. Keep your eye on that Jill Clayburgh, however. She's the closest thing we've had to a Carole Lombard in a long, long time.

— Ed Franklin

The Gauntlet

The only thing that really distinguishes Clint Eastwood's loner detective Ben Shockley in the *Gauntlet* from his other recent outings as Harry Callahan and Josey Wales is the fact that he's a couple of years older. Warners, under competi-

pressures, has also shelled out a cool million bucks for "special effects," most of it expended on the attack and destruction finale that leads Eastwood on a 60 mph dash in an armored bus through the streets of Phoenix — the "gauntlet" of the title, a deadly obstacle course to survival.

Eastwood has been set up by a corrupt superior as a patsy, you see, theoretically to deliver the key prosecution witness in a mob trial, but actually to be wasted. In the violent course of events, our hero is beat up, tied up, and shot up; still, bloody but unbowed, he does survive the supposedly impregnable gauntlet and confound the bad guys (among whom, incidentally, is a viciously stereotypical trio of bikers).

It takes a slightly indulgent Eastwood fan to put up with this predigested crap.

— Ed Franklin

The Hot One

Here, at last, is a straight porno flick that can be recommended without qualification to the gay moviegoer. Its production values — cinematography, sets, costumes, lighting — are uniformly slick and professional, and the acting is on almost the same high level. This latter

accomplishment is especially surprising in view of the fact that all the cast members are so damnably attractive.

Scheduled for release in January, this Lantz and Heiser Production, shot in San Francisco, claims to be "a true story — only the names have been changed." If that is so, we all should be as lucky as Valerie (of the initialed title role) in the variety and expertise of casual sex partners. She has John Leslie and Paul Thomas as mature-type knockouts, Michael Orion as a Sailor will appeal to those who go for the boy-next-door, there is the hairy-chested construction worker who does an erotic strip tease, blonds, brunettes, blacks — even a masochist (Ray Wells) who insists on being spanked.

The thin plot centers on stunning Annette Haven as an affluently bored suburbanite who takes to working in a whorehouse to pass away her empty afternoons — a subtitle might be "Diary of a Had Housewife." This provides the springboard for a great variety of hot sex scenes, both male and female masturbation, three-ways, the obligatory black-white Lesbian encounter, and a suck-and-fuck party-orgy featuring some of the best asses and cocks this reviewer has ever seen.

If there are any flaws, they are the predictably percussive score, interludes of labored dialog sandwiched between the sex sequences, and some occasionally awkward editing. Nevertheless, *V — The Hot One* is precisely what the title implies, and the surprise ending itself is almost worth the price of admission (when did you last enjoy a really hearty laugh at a porno pic?). Producer-writer-director Robert McCallum (pseudonym for a well-known Hollywood cameraman) has come up with a winner.

Do yourself a favor, don't be turned off by its heterosexual orientation, and see it!

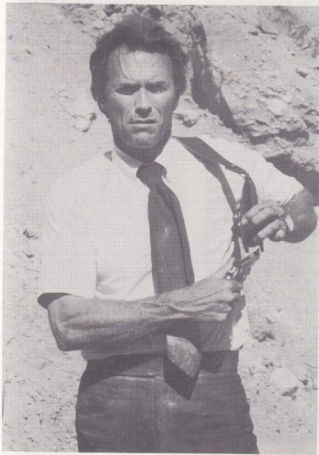
— Ed Franklin

Short Eyes

Hollywood's morbid fascination with the profitability of prison flicks peaked in the thirties, featuring a standard brew of lovably unreconstructable cons, patient blond doxies, hard-nosed screws, martyr-prone Chaplains, and ineffectual Wardens. We all remember a young James Cagney hanging in chains from the bars of his cell, or Pat O'Brien stoically sacrificing himself to halt a riot. Recent forays into the genre have emphasized sentimentality at the expense of verisimilitude.

Until, that is, the new Film League Inc. release of a Harris-Fox production, *Short Eyes*, directed with unrelenting power by Robert Young from a script which Miguel Pinero adapted from his own quasi-autobiographical play (Pinero endured five years at Sing Sing for armed robbery and is currently under indictment for "other crimes"). Those involved have employed a documentary approach, shooting on location in the New York City Tombs, which is unsettlingly right on target.

The storyline is tenuous, at best, but



then this production is eons away from any "once-upon-a-time" attack, both in theme and characterization. We are, simply, presented with a mixed group of rapists, murderers, robbers, you name it, into which is thrust a young white prisoner (Bruce Willard Davison) on a charge of child molestation. In prison lingo this makes him "short eyes," and in prison hierarchy places him literally at the bottom of the pecking order. As such, he becomes the catalyst — not unlike Eugene O'Neill's Iceman — that provokes the climactic violence.

In the course of the events we are bombarded by a cacophony of appropriate four-letter words, spat out by a Ship of Fools company of inmates: writer Pinero himself as a hustler, Jose Perez as an optimistic Puerto Rican, Joseph Carberry as a vicious white, Curtis Mayfield the philosophic older man, a couple of blacks (Nathan George and Don Blakely), and Shawn Elliott as a Puerto Rican who has the hots for cute little Tito ("Cupcakes") Goya. As a matter of fact, homosexuality runs rampant, with the entire cast seemingly affected.

It is Bruce Davison's focal performance that makes the whole thing work, however. Playing a role that might easily have gotten out of hand by even the most disciplined of performers, Davison neatly shades the tempting histrionics in such a way that we are left with a character who disturbs as well as repulses. His innocently blond good looks add to the general effect, especially as contrasted against the proliferation of blacks and Puerto Ricans in a milieu where the normal concept of minorities is turned upside down.

Only slightly jarring the overall thrust of the film are occasional lapses into lyrical theatricality, inadequate explanations of the passage of time, and utterly gratuitous musical interludes. Otherwise, its searing expose of the sudden violence and seething sexuality implicit in our Medieval prison system makes *Short Eyes* a film to be recommended virtually without qualification to the broadest possible audience. Don't miss this one!

— Ed Franklin

ROGER

Continued from page 46

Rows of cocks come out. The audience shouts for more.

Hardly can a man applaud for Roger.

Applause takes two hands.

Rows of cockpumping men shout, "ROGER! ROGER! ROGER!"

In response, slides of Roger flash on the screen: clothed and nude. His shaft is enormous. Suddenly, the live Roger steps into the projected images. He wears the white headband and white see-through trousers of his centerfold beach pictures. His torso is naked and oiled. His hands rub across his own bare flesh.

See me. Feel me. Touch me.

He offers himself with great dignity and no egomania.

He dances to the disco music. His every move totally macho. And then, finally, he begins his slow strip, an

agonizing shedding of white clothing from tanned skin, down to his big-pouched jockstrap. He runs his hands over his hardening basket. He turns and his hands smooth across his buns. Tiger-like he moves stage front and center, stands his nearly naked body still, moves his head slowly surveying the audience, locking eyes with individual men in the crowd. His bare feet are only a yard from me. Omigod: even those toes. Those calves, thighs . . . I hit the popper. On both sides of me, arms are pumping cock: the whole front row jacking off.

Look at me. I am willing him to look at me.

Roger turns slightly on the ball of his foot. His dark eyes look directly down at me. He towers eight feet over me front row center. We are eyeball to eyeball. "Take it, you fucker," I'm saying under my breath. The music is louder. "Take from me as much energy as you're giving us." And I no kidding fucking shoot. I lose my load to that fucker's face. His timing is perfect. He breaks off our energy-stare and dances hard and furious, sweating himself down further in a strip so erotic that even with the loud music, the groans of coming men roar in a low, heavy bass. Even the rows of seats tremble as the shockwaves of men coming travel down the interlocked theater chairs.

The slides change to a movie of Roger jacking off. The live Roger lies back on the posing platform and in mirror image to the film, back, then side, to the audience, rubs his oiled pees, his belly, his thighs, and finally his big meat. The film-Roger and the real-Roger mirror each other exactly. Two Rogers touching themselves.

Touched at last! Touched at last! Great God Almighty. Touched at last!

Roger's act climaxes. The lights fade out. Roger disappears. For this knight in white satin, the crowd calls for more. The cry rises, becomes a chant, a plea, a prayer, a demand.

And in answer: very, very slowly the single overhead spot shines down, as in the beginning, with increasing hot intensity on The Total Roger. On the posing platform, he stands unmoving, imperious, naked as some ancient warrior-god, pumped arms folded across his massive pees, legs spread, knee-length cock thick and ready, head held high and steady, staring straight as the Second Coming out over the cheering crowd. The rose-light haloes him somehow, burns his image graven forever into my eyes. Roger is a holy hero straight out of Franzetta. For him, standing stock still, rises the audience pandemonium of worship, respect, and cheers.

ROGER: A FINAL FANTASY

Years from now, when I think of this, and I will think of this when I think of Life and of Death, I'll recognize them both from my close encounter with Roger. I'll be seated somewhere hot and bright, squinting through my ancient memories, painfully trying to clear my vision which as in a movie will have become all blurred about the edges, and I shall want to clear my sight to resume my sweating cool glass of Perrier Water, and

I'll look up.

He will be there. Suddenly. Waiting. Turned in upon himself. Leaning against a white stucco wall. His body tanned, stripped to the waist, wearing those nylon long beach trousers that will cling again wet to his thighs, wet from his healthy seaweed, from a plunge into the sea I never saw him take. A white sweatband will coil his dark hair. His face will be turned down toward his white transparent crotch, the drawstring opening a vee-shaped whiter shade of pale above his cock which will be hard and held shielded in his right hand. His left hand will hold out the drawstrings to slow the slide of his clinging wet pants down his thighs. He is very muscular: arms, shoulders, and chest. He has a black moustache which with the curl of hair over the sweatband obscures his perfect dark face from my eyes. But I know him. I recognize that bicycle boy, who in the village is called Roger.

I know when he looks up, finally, from his crotched hand, across the distance to my eyes, that he will be beautiful, that he will lift my heart, sweet fucking savior, right out of me and carry me up into the brightness and light and heat of the sun, and my then-ancient eyes will pain no more. Life and Death are, after all, only the brightness and heat of noon burning in a young man's body. Will Death anymore than Life reveal any secret? Will Roger, hoisting me high by flap of his muscular wings, whisper secrets I know behind his body armor he conceals? Will the Brightness and Light become so light and bright that in a flash I will see what in spite of every careful observation in life I missed? In all that Light can a man finally see, finally transcend the sweet wrap of flesh? Rising with Roger, will he lift us higher and higher until Life passing through Death becomes life once again in a young man's body?

TUNE IN NEXT WEEK

Currently, Roger is scheduled for a European tour. Frankly, he ought to retour the U.S. first! Meanwhile, the best second encounters with Roger are available from Lew Thomas' Target Studios, as well as from Wakefield (*Boys in the Sand* and *Bijou*) Poole's Irving Studios. Irving has the most recent Roger: 200 feet of him in super-8 color movie, color slides, and black-and-white prints. This is still not enough. I'm frankly waiting for movies like *Deep Roger*, *Roger in Bondage*, and *I Am Roger's Prostate*, because there's everything I want to know about Roger and am not afraid to ask.

SCOTT SMITH

Continued from page 14

on all fours. I told Gary my other partner — get on 'im and start fuckin' 'im. So Gary got first, started fuckin' him — just got to grinding on that mother fucker — and I got in front of him and knelt down and my cock was just standing straight out in front of his mouth and I told him to suck it — I said suck that mother fucker like you ain't never sucked before or I'll knock all your mother

fuckin' teeth out. He just looked up at me man and I could see his eyes just turn like into mother-fuckin' water. And he grabbed my dick, stuck it in his mouth and just started rootin' on it. And — Gary is back there just pumping his cock in and out of his ass — fuckin' him — dog fuckin' this punk — and alls I'm thinkin' of is hon — I just want to — I want to degrade this sucker. I want to piss on him, whip on him, beat on him, tie him up, fuck him in his ass, in his arm pits, in his ears, come all over his face, in his mouth, in his eyes, just get crazy with him — take some of my anger out on him — that's what I wanted to do. So I got to fuckin' on him. Gary grabbed him by the back of the neck while he was fuckin' him 'cause he was startin' to come and I guess he started to choke him a little bit — and he kind of turned his head to get Gary's hand off of him — I pulled my dick out of his mouth and just slapped him across the face — "I said mother-fucker don't turn your head," don't take my dick out of your mouth — just keep your fuckin' head where it belongs." And right then Gary just started pumpin' real hard, started to come all in his ass and Gary pulled out and ah — one by one the rest of my partners got on him and fucked him in the ass. Some of them couldn't come inside him, they pulled out, shot all over his back — all in the crack of his ass. We got done with that poor mother-fucker — he looked like he done kissed a mack truck at sixty miles an hour — had come all over on him — it was about dried up and sticky — we pissed all over him — all over his bed — done everything but kill him.

Like I've been doin' that kind of thing all my life, ever since then man. I'd be hitchhiking somewhere, just fuckin' around, not going anywhere in particular, be a nice sunny day, I'd have my shirt off, good tan and ah — lookin' pretty healthy. I'd be hitchhiking along and maybe somebody'll come and pick me up and like I'm the kind of person ah — I get in the car with somebody, I start fantasizing about I wonder how their mouth would look wrapped around the head of my cock — you know — especially like if I ain't fucker for a couple of days and I got a lot of come built up in me man — I just — thinking about it gets my dick hard. And ah — I'll be sittin' there in the front seat and my cock will start to swell up thinkin' about it. And ah — I maybe put my hand on it to where it ain't really noticeable to the driver and just start squeezing a little bit man — sometimes I've done this and the person, he'd just reach over and grab it you know, and sometimes I'd just tell the mother-fucker you know whether I think he's gay or not, you know I want some head and I need to fuckin' come — and ah — I did this one time — the dude picked me up — I don't think he was gay when he picked me up but ah — he damn sure was when he left.

But ah — I'm tryin' to think of — fuck — I've been at parties man where we've turned people out, women, had dogs fuckin' 'em, had 'em suckin' dog dicks, pulled trains on 'em — ah — whipped on 'em, tied 'em up, beat 'em, fucked off all over 'em. We had a guy one time in a bar

man — and ah — this was a bar in my home town — it was a pretty rugged neighborhood — you know like you got to shoot your way into your front door at night and ah — me and a lot of people I grew up with, partied with, was at this bar and there was a couple people there that was from out of town — and like we got to rapping with them — and the dude has his old lady with him — and like we kept — we told his old lady that we wanted to fuck her — me and a couple of other partners. Like she said yeah, I can dig it but like I got my old man with me. So we told her old man to split 'cause we was goin' to fuck his old lady, and he wouldn't go for it. So we said well if you're goin' to stay we're goin' to fuck your old lady and you and he didn't believe us so like we just gaffed him up — fired on him a couple of times — knocked his teeth out and ah — just threw him up — bend him over backwards against the pool table man — told him to take down his pants — my partner stuck a cue stick up his ass about twelve inches and ah — we just sat there while my partner was slapping him in the head making him give us some fuckin' mouth — we sat there and fucked his old lady in front of us — and about four or five of us just sat there man and had her on her back on the pool table and fucked off all over her man — fuckin' her between her tits, her ass and her pussy, everywhere. And ah — after awhile this guy ah — apparently man he must have got kind of turned on by seeing his old lady receive this kind of treatment cause he started to get a rise in his levis — hm — so like ah — she had about, about four or five of us had shot our rocks off in her pussy — and we told her to sit on his face and she sat on his face man — this mother-fucker — she had come dripping all out of her pussy into his mouth — and we told him you know what? get used to it man because you got some more of that coming in a minute — and ah — that was another instance where like it turned like into a gang bang — you know — we fucked him and his old lady, man.

In county jail one time waiting to go to the penitentiary — and ah — I had only been in the jail about three or four weeks at the time I think and ah — you know I've done a lot of time in jail during the last ten or twelve years I spent about seven of them behind the walls. You know — we was in this time and I was in a cell with about thirty-five, forty other men — and, a lot of us had done time before — had a lot of experience with the type of things that happen in jail. And so I'm kicking back in there thinking about — man it sure would be nice if we had someone to fuck man — or just to kick back and get our dicks sucked. So this little young guy comes in — and he's AWOL from the Marines, right — he stole a car while he was AWOL and got busted. And he's in county jail — Ain't never been in jail before — and he's a little pretty lookin' mother fucker you know — the kind you just want to put a dress on and pat him on the ass. So like eh — we told him there was no room in the bunks left — there were two — you know — double bunks — and ah they was all full so there was people sleeping on

the floor. And ah — I called him over to my bunk and told him "look man, what're busted for" and he ran his story down to me and I told him — "you know what? you're going to be in a long time you know — you better — you're gonna have to get used to it in here — you know it's your first time in jail ah — you're kinda pretty and young and you don't look too tough and like there's a whole lot of people in here who'd like to get their dick off in your ass and your mouth." So I kinda took him in under my wing and schooled him with the thought of fuckin' him later and ah — finally got the sucker so scared that he was ready to give up some buns which he had never done before man — I don't think the kid had ever had any kind of experience like that before — so anyway like it came down to where he was convinced he had to fuck everybody in order to survive in there. So like I told my — you know the rest of the men in the cell that we got us a live one here — he gonna give it up — and we started ah — we started drawing straws to see who'd go first man — there was fourteen dudes who wanted to fuck him. O.K. And naturally like I was first off the top since I had been the one to turn him out. But there was thirteen others behind me. So like we got a bottom bunk, we threw a blanket from the top bunk over the side of the bottom to cover it, in case the police you know — walked around outside — and ah — I got down there — got some vaseline slapped some on his butt, told him to get on all fours — and just — my dick was so hard because I hadn't fucked in so long that ah — I didn't even put it in there gentle — I just grabbed him by the back of the hips man — just plugged man — just stuck this mother fucker — about nine inches off in his ass, and like I — I just started fucking man and he started crying and shit cause it was hurting so much — and I got off on it man it just made me fuck all the faster — and I got to starting slapping him on the back of the head and shit man — spitting over my shoulder while I'm fucking him man — so I get off man I get my nuts off in his ass, and I had shit all over my dick man and it was bleeding and come all on it — that mother-fucker really looked gross man and I told him to lick it off and he licked it off — got my dick hard again, I fucked off in his mouth. Then ah — so like everybody that fucked him after that — thirteen of 'em — there might have been more towards the end there — but there was at least fourteen of us all together. And all we fucked him and he sucked a whole lot of dick that night — whew — that boy must have been come drunk. Next morning man — he went to see the doctor because ah — we tore that boy a new asshole, man. If he had as many dicks sticking out of him as he had had stuck in he'd look like a porcupine. That's how bad it was. Well, like afterwards we got to talking to him — you know — and asking him like — we became a little bit more humane with him once we had got our rocks off — asked him if he liked it and he said yeah — it got kinda good to him after awhile — even the hurt started feeling good — you know — like the first few

hurt. He said after that it just kinda — he got a warm sensation in his butt man — it started feeling good. He said the only thing he didn't like man was you know, the pain at first — but he said even that got good to him after awhile. And ah — you know he said he was ready to try it again in a couple of days man as soon as he got, he got rid of some of that soreness.

Like, ah, I could relate a whole lot of incidents like that that have happened in jail man — we've taken dudes, young dudes that look kind of pretty. Nice soft ass — not a feather on 'em — and ah just made a skirt for 'em and told them to get up on the table man and start, start doing a dance for us — like tuck her dick between 'er legs — we sit around and jack off and pretend that's a broad man — take him off to our cell and just get to fuckin' 'im man. Put some long hair on him — get a long haired wig — make it out of something put it on him — that's a woman, Jack — you know — for the moment it was.

There's been times when I've been fortunate enough to make a little money being the kind of person that I am. Ah — I'm not just talking about robberies and burglaries — ah — I ran into a guy in Cincinnati one time that ah — he was a black dude, and like he gave me \$75.00 man to ah — the dude dressed up like an old slave, right? — and this was a pretty wealthy nigger man — he dressed up like a slave man and gave me \$75.00 to whip on him and he called me master and begged for mercy and shit — and I'd say "nigger, get back to work, pick that cotton boy!" — and I'd slap him upside the head, fire on him with that whip — just get to cracking all around him man — I had sweat running off my forehead and shit — and ah I just had that look in my eyes man — that mad dog look — I guess I've always had when I get to feelin' like that. And I don't like niggers anyhow and so like to me this was, to get paid to beat up a nigger — whew — Lord have mercy I fucked that boy up and ah — it's just different things like that that have happened to me man — I've had a lot of experience a lot of different things. I've enjoyed most of them.

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PRISON BLUES

Continued from page 11

notices anything. That's why most of the time anyone can do anything. As long as you don't rattle the cage they're protecting themselves in. As long as you don't scare their horses.

Part of me wanted out of the Big Q fast. Another part wanted to stay forever.

Absolute ground control of my head is to realize fantasies, to know how far to take them, to clutch the brink of danger close, and then to thrust it safely away: approaching a pair of cops in a squad car to ask their opinion of the Consenting Adult Law; then asking them to please stop arresting me, I've come.

Our con led us on with his gallows rap.

He walked flawlessly backwards in the way patented by tourguides from Mount Vernon to Disneyland. "On the left is the original cellblock. If a prisoner gave the guards a bad time, they chained him to the wall or strapped him into a leather restraining jacket. For hours — days, weeks." He laughed. "I'm glad California has done away with heavy-duty punishment. In those old days, before teargas, when too much trouble came down, the guards spread lye on the block floor and turned a hose on it. The fumes handled the problem."

BELT A BROAD

A woman in an I. Magnin coat, suitable for a prison-chic evening in Marin, raised her hand like some for crissakes perennial Mills College undergrad cunt. "What are you in for," she asked.

Our little group stopped dead in its tracks. (And Old Reliable had been fearful / I'd embarrass everybody.)

Bill smiled. "I got sick of everyday doing 9 to 5, 9 to 5. So now I'm doing 20 to life."

"Try to outcon a con," Old Reliable whispered.

Reliable ought to know: he's fucked with enough ex-cons to have the climax-after-the-climax be a gun to his head while his flat was shook down for cash. He kept thinking, if that gun goes off, it will hurt. But he found enough money to satisfy the tattooed nineteen-year-old who, Reliable said, could have had the bread just for the asking he was so good in bed with his thick thighs. Other times, a guy emptied his closet of all his clothes, another took a camera which a third guy said he could ransom back for forty dollars. Reliable's no fool, but it was worth a try. Turned out to be another learning experience. Never saw the third one again either. The con-game was his trip. He set it up. He liked primary encounters. He could read people faster than Evelyn Wood could read the Gettysburg Address. "This guy's in for murder," he said.

Bill tooled our tour neatly around a corner. "Up in that loft, which next year will get torn down, was the gallows. A double gallows." He counted out his pause, using the time to continue the forcefield of eye contact with the I. Magnin coat. "Fall-partners. That's what they called guys hanged two at a time. They shackled their hands behind their backs, walked them up the stairs, tied their ankles together, put the nooses tight around their necks, pulled black hoods down over their faces, dropped the double-trap, and kissed their asses goodbye."

The doubleknit group chuckled appreciatively: this good-natured con was sure what they had hoped for.

"Executions strike me as, well, rather messy," the I. Magnin coat said.

"Messy?" Bill laid on her his best Mr. Goodbar stare.

"Definitely in for murder," Old Reliable whispered. "He's gonna hit her with both barrels."

"Death, ma'am," Bill said, "is always messy." He stepped toward her. "When a hanged man hits the end of his rope, he dumps, yeah, dumps in his drawers and

pisses, excuse the human biology, down his leg."

He had her full attention.

He had mine.

He had everybody's.

She was coming in her coat. "I've read," she said, "that hanged men die with erections." This cunt would not stop. She stepped toward him. He picked up on her lust and led the dance she had begun. The group was more enthralled than embarrassed by their upfront rutting. Tension hung heavy in the evening air.

Old Reliable rode to the rescue: "Dying with a hardon beats dying with your boots on."

Laughter broke the spell of the heated pas de deux of the con with the coat.

THE WORLD WE LIVE IN

Reliable was good at that: adapting, making people adapt. His halfway house was his practice. He had long been cynical, but was far from jaded. *Jaded is when you do it, but don't enjoy it, whatever it is.* He was cynical. He was frank. You adapt or you get out. You adapt or you die. He adapted continually. He handled alternate realities well. All the time, I thought.

Except one night, late, a bit drunk and a lot ripped, he told me, confessed actually, embarrassed the way a woman is embarrassed after a rape. No fault of hers nor in this case his, but the embarrassment acute all the same.

Old Reliable is reliable, but not old. He is, in fact, at 33, boyishly attractive. That was part of what makes him an easy touch for so many ex-cons. Anyway, one of his San Quentin graduates warned him that to a con, a gay man is automatically considered an easy mark. That was no news to Old Reliable, who's been taken to the cleaners more often than a clean-queen's jockey shorts.

Three years before this drunken night, for instance, he was vacationing in Beirut, pushing the edge of danger that so thrills him. The Hilton was under fire. The city was an armed camp. In two months the American ambassador would be murdered. But this night, Reliable was traveling through the Moslem section in the early evening to ball a friend who was a gold merchant. The driver of his car cursed their luck as the car immediately ahead reentered the auto closest to the intersection. The trunk of the car in front of Reliable popped open. "Omigod," he said. Bulging from inside the sprung trunk of the small car was a fully clothed bullet-riddled body. Within seconds a mob careened around all three cars. Veiled women ululated a high-pitched wail. The driver of the middle car was dragged into the street shouting above the din. "It is only the body of a Christian."

Two dozen or more Moslem men inspected, milled about, pushed, conferred more loudly, and then surrounded him completely, stalled in the traffic in their section. They smashed the glass of the locked doors. His driver was silenced by a gunbutt to the mouth. He fell unconscious, bleeding across the steering wheel.

The men pulled Old Reliable from the car and dragged him past the body of the

dead Christian, doused with gasoline and burning in a heap on the street. The crowd had no patience with a foreigner who might be a Christian, or worse, a Jew. They punched at him without question. They lifted him bodily and carried him into a shop whose corrugated storefront a dark mustached man pulled down from its roll in the ceiling and locked to a ring in the floor.

In the semi-darkness, Old Reliable could see very little. Hands held him, pushed and punched him. A thickveined fist tore the sleeve off his jacket. A frenzy of ripping and shredding followed. Buttons popped as his shirt tore away. His zipper split apart at the bottom as his slacks were dropped like shackles around his ankles. For a moment, the men held him, fair skinned in the olive darkness, stripped to his white undershorts.

No one moved. The silence was absolute.

Then a short thick man punched him hard in the stomach and his shorts were ripped away. For two hours they beat him with their fists and, holding him firmly with many hands in the stifling room, took an electric cattle prod to his eyelids, gums, penis, testicles, and anus.

He expected to be raped. He wasn't.

He thought they wanted information. They didn't and besides he knew none.

He thought there was some purpose to his torture, but they wanted no more than to vent some release through his pain.

At last, allowed to fall to the floor, he lay flat on his back. Three streams, he remembered three streams, exactly three, of piss rained down from the darkness on his face and genitals. Then they lifted him, pulled up his torn slacks, rolled up

the corrugated steel door, and shoved him into the street alone. The door rolled down closed behind him. He tried to pull what was left of his clothes together around him to avoid attention, to pretend nothing had happened so that no more would happen, but no one seemed to notice.

In the distance, the shelling of the hotels continued. Gunfire crackled through the night. They had hurt him anonymously, for no reason, for nothing he did. They had just hurt him for some kicks and he felt dirty enough to be sick in the street, next to the burnt-out body, dirty and sick and embarrassed enough to mention nothing of the incident until this one night of confidences. And even at that, he seemed to hold something back.

People who are tortured, for whatever reason, seem always to gain a reserve, a mistrust, a modesty, born of an astonished, wellgrounded fear of their own kind.

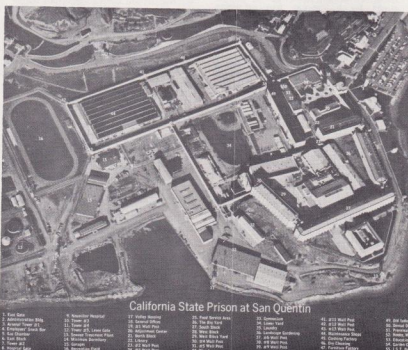
Bill, our Quentin guide had that restraint. Only his modesty handled the predatory assault of the lady with her hands buried deep in the side pockets of her coat. More men go to prison because of women than any other reasons. He had been decorated in Nam and looking at her San Francisco face, he knew a mine field when he saw one.

Some men in prison gain solitude in solitary. Some cut off their penises and hand them out in atonement in a tin cup to a guard passing by. Prisons are all different and all the same. The Quentin population isn't punk kids maturing their street images inside the big house.

These are fullgrown men doing a dark time in a narrow place.

MAXIMUM "SECURITY"

Prison is the place where, when you go there, they have to take you in. Prison in America is the maximum security. Prison is where men who can't make it in the mean streets go to have their needs met. The prison "security syndrome" is Life-on-the-Installment-Plan three years in the Joint; three months on parole; then back to start all over again. Some gays, when arrested, instead of freaking out, find a strange sense of peace, security, and relief from the constant cruising tension of the gay lifestyle. Prison is the place where guards fire a couple shots to break up a fight where one inmate suffers a deep laceration above his right eye and another stab wounds in the face, back, and buttocks. Prison is the reality where society permits sadists to backflush toilets on men locked down in solitary confinement, where pharmaceutical companies make deals to perform medical experiments on inmates who submit to almost anything for the extra bread. If you don't have money in prison, you bargain one way or another with your body. Prisons are where men are sentenced, no matter if they were Tops or Bottoms when they were on the streets, to a life of obedient masochism. The American prison system takes, more often than not, the truly aggressive macho male, who cannot be corralled by the usual middle-class obedience-training, and separates his overheated flesh by means of cold bars from the rest of "polite" society. Prison is the Ultimate Sadism: society's topping of a Top. Prison is a rite of passage. On American streets, you're not a man until you've done some time.



California State Prison at San Quentin

- | | | | | | | |
|-------------------------|-------------------------|--------------------|-----------------------|------------------|-------------------|----------------|
| 1. Main Gate | 10. Reception Hall | 17. Valley Road | 24. Food Service Area | 31. Gymnasium | 40. #11 Mail Post | 49. #10 Inmate |
| 2. Administration Bldg. | 11. Tower A | 18. General Office | 25. The New Yard | 32. Laundry | 41. #12 Mail Post | 50. #9 Inmate |
| 3. Chapel Tower #1 | 12. Tower B | 19. #1 Mail Post | 26. South Shop | 33. Laundry | 42. #13 Mail Post | 51. #8 Inmate |
| 4. Chapel Tower #2 | 13. Tower C, Lower Gate | 20. #2 Mail Post | 27. North Shop | 34. #4 Mail Post | 43. #14 Mail Post | 52. #7 Inmate |
| 5. Chapel Tower #3 | 14. Tower D, Upper Gate | 21. #3 Mail Post | 28. #5 Mail Post | 35. #5 Mail Post | 44. #15 Mail Post | 53. #6 Inmate |
| 6. South Shop | 15. Workshop Building | 22. #4 Mail Post | 29. #6 Mail Post | 36. #6 Mail Post | 45. #16 Mail Post | 54. #5 Inmate |
| 7. #1 Mail Post | 16. Workshop Building | 23. #5 Mail Post | 30. #7 Mail Post | 37. #7 Mail Post | 46. #17 Mail Post | 55. #4 Inmate |
| 8. #2 Mail Post | 17. Workshop Building | 24. #6 Mail Post | 31. #8 Mail Post | 38. #8 Mail Post | 47. #18 Mail Post | 56. #3 Inmate |
| 9. #3 Mail Post | 18. Workshop Building | 25. #7 Mail Post | 32. #9 Mail Post | 39. #9 Mail Post | 48. #19 Mail Post | 57. #2 Inmate |

TATTOOS

Like the mark on Cain, prison marks its men. The forbidden art of prison tattooing gives blatant signal Inside and Outside that here is a man who has paid his ritual dues. Tattoos range from the most primitive pin-and-India-ink markings to truly sophisticated, but contraband, three-needle professional artistry. They are always one color: blue. A *star on the face* tells that the con has done at least five years. A *cross on the hand* with radiating marks indicates the number of reform-school stretches. A *rose* means either you like cunt or are one. A *swastika* shows membership in a prison gang like the Aryan Brotherhood. A *web on the elbow* signifies time done in a particular prison; in this case, Soledad.

QUENTIN: ONE OF THE BEST

Prisons are the last medieval institutions in American life; and they are important to the State's economy. The irony is that prison is a walled ghetto where administrators, guards, civilian employees, and cons are all locked together in an environment of fourth-rate failure. San Quentin features a law library and a furniture factory as well as a number of vocational rehab programs. Ironically, in most prisons, lifers get the best jobs. Why train somebody who will eventually get out?

Conditions at "SQU" are nowhere as bad as conditions in the absolute secrecy of USMC-run briggs where little is reported about the adhesive-tape head bondage, the beatings, and the sexual abuse. The worst US prison, as recently as the 1960's, was in Alabama where cons were whipped with heavy leather paddles across bleeding buttocks for minor infractions, for refusing to be "turned out" as punks for a line-man trustee; where thorazine was forcefully injected into the veins of a con cornered by the guards who'd take bets on which way he'd fall.

Paul Newman's *Cool Hand Luke* was not filmed out of thin air, nor is the 1978 film *The Brutalization of Franz Blum*. In Alabama, prisoners have been strapped to tables in the sick bay and then the "Tucker Telephone," attached with electrodes to their cocks, tits, tongues, and toes, was cranked up to proper screaming voltage. Reynolds may film prison comedies like *The Longest Yard*, but only recently has even California abolished spot-welding a con into his cell, for up to a year at a time, so he stays put, isolated, with no key to bypass the weld, no way in hell to get him out fast when he is sick, suicidal, or burning in his cage. In this Age of Anita, the death penalty is everywhere on its hanging, shooting, gassing, injecting, electrifying way back. Gary Gilmore, hooded and strapped into his death-wish wooden chair, proves we live perilously close to the days of *I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang*.

STIR CRAZY

San Quentin features a dozen indoor and outdoor gyms for pumping iron, and pumping out anger, on incline benches of sweat-soaked canvas. All around, the grey-pink walls are topped with 3-foot diamond coils of wire, barbed every four inches with two-inch razor slashes of

steel. San Quentin grew like Topsy. Very turvy. The prison's origins are lost in myth.

"Once," Bill said, "convicts were locked in a prison ship anchored in the Bay. One night a storm tore the ship loose from its mooring and washed it up on Point San Quentin. First, tents were put up, and then the compounds, compounded with other compounds, until this frigging place became the, virtually uncontrollable maze it is today."

The Marin County moon rose full over Quentin as our group was conducted through the puzzle of corridors, catwalks, gates, and gardens marked OFF LIMITS because the bushes and trees planted as a bleeding-heart rehab idea so long ago had grown big enough to overshadow quick sex and quicker stabbings.

"Some guys used to like to go into that garden and sit by the fishpond and meditate," Bill said. "Not now. No more. No way." He pointed to the way the moon threw deep shadows across the maze of buildings constructed with no particular design over the years. "New retention facilities," he said, his words again proper as befit an honor guide, "are laid out for easy inspection by guards. Quentin has too many nooks, crannies, unused corridors, old stairwells, places no guard can cover long enough to keep a con safer than sorry."

A doubleknit man raised his hand. Like he was in some fucking schoolroom. "I read," he said, "about the problem of homosexuality."

"Homosexuality," Bill cut him dead, "ain't no problem."

And that ended that conversation. "But are you in physical danger?" a woman asked.

"Not if you keep to yourself. Sometimes a guy will owe a dealer, and when he can't pay, the dealer has him offed. Sometimes when he can't pay, he offs the dealer. You keep clean, you get good time, you get privileges. Like ahead of us here in the Honor Block, you're gonna peek into Citizens' Row."

Two guards, one of them with, I swear, 18-inch-circumference forearms, clicked us off on their counters. Our hands had been stamped for ultraviolet identification. Just so us prison-tour-junkies couldn't change places with some con: him leaving for the cold streets Outside, us staying in the warm security Inside.

"San Quentin is," Bill said, "for 363 of its 2,197 inmates, a fairly comfortable home away from home."

Our group single-filed along the row of honor cells where each man, with 16 months good time, can live alone in a 4x9 foot space 9 feet high. The walk was embarrassing, like some Tom peeping in where we shouldn't, but even embarrassed fast glances showed that when a man has nothing but time in a very small space, his personality ingeniously expresses his total attitude.

One by one we cruised the empty cells like exhibits in Macy's windows, each coffinlike space an idealized fantasy: one with swastikas and covers from outrageous *Easy Riders* magazine; others set up for jewelry hobbies; some with black velvet nude tit paintings under



Religious Procession: Cops, uniforms, creaking leather, horses, attitude.

blacklight; one, a definite monk's cell; another arranged like a writer's loft, the rackbed hung two feet from the ceiling, the plywood shelf under it centered with a typewriter and paper neatly arranged. Stereo headphones and small color TVs sat in every cell. The honor cells can be locked from the inside by the con himself to protect his belongings.

"I thought this was supposed to be a jail," a man said. "This is peace and quiet."

"This is," Bill said, "even in the honor block, a place where you do what you're told to do."

"Everyday I have to do," the good citizen threw back, "what my corporation tells me to do."

"No shit."

"I pay the taxes that let you live here."

"For the rest of my natural unnatural life."

"But, really," the I. Magnin coat rolled back into the action, "what about homosexuality?"

"Frankly, lady, in prison, homosexuality has nothing to do with what you call on the Outside being gay. Our upfront gay cons stick pretty much together. Just like any group of consenting adults."

"But TV is always reporting homosexual rape," the taxpayer citizen said.

"Homosexuals don't attack other males," Bill said. "Straight dudes rape other dudes, straight or gay. A homosexual attack, as you call it, like the rape of a lady, has nothing to do with sex. It has to do with aggression. The cock is the weapon. It's just pure, simple, brutal, bleeding-ass aggression."



bulked strength of a hard-fisted blow, hit the fork handle, shooting it ceilingward. If it stuck, the con's rep was made. If the fork fell short, turned in mid-flight, and started its murderous descent faster and faster, point down, into the messhall crowd, somebody shouted HEADS UP and every con ducked fast under the protecting table tops.

Some fun.

BUSTER AND BILLIE

Currently, Old Reliable has come down like a fork from his ecstasy of the dinner-tour-show at the Big Bastille on the Bay. All because one of his corresponding cons has recently been paroled after ten years for armed robbery. Buster is a primary heterosexual, but he puts out either way. Reliable, remember, like all gay men, is considered an easy mark, and Buster on parole needs all the support good Old Reliable can give.

Besides the straight cons, a lot of gay men languish in prison. DRUMMER received an interesting and seemingly authentic letter reprinted here.

Dear Publisher:

I would like for you to put out and ad in your gay news paper for me, I am in Columbus State Prison, doing 4-26 years, and don't have any money or family to write to. My name is Bud E. Gooden Jr., I am 30 years old, and have been gay all my life. My number is No.144-292. I have brown hair and blue eyes, I am 175 lbs, 5 feet, 11 inches. Sir, it sure does hurt when the Officer past my cell, with no mail for me, I like to dance, and go camping, hiking, fishing, horse-back riding, and most of all have sex with a man and make real good love with them. When I don't get any mail, then I will read a book or write me a poem, so please print this ad for me if you will, Sir, and I want to Thank You so very much for taking the time to read this, and hope you will help me out, Sir, Sir, if you do help me, or even if you don't, please let me know something if you will, I am sending my full name and number for you, Sir.

Sincerely yours,

Mr. Bud E. Gooden Jr. No. 144-292

P.O. Box 511 W. Spring St.

Columbus, Ohio 43216

CHOW DOWN

We ate with the cons.

While I waited in line behind Old Reliable, with my tin plate, fork, spoon, and no knife, an eye came to a peephole in a heavy metal door. Then the eye changed to a tongue that wiped its wet way around the perimeter of the cold green hole.

Old Reliable checked the action too. Then the tongue pulled back behind moustached lips that whispered, "Hey, Bro, you got a file on you?"

The various con-guides split strategically to tables where the foxiest touring ladies sat picking at the chicken and mashed potatoes. That was the last we really saw of Bill. He disappeared into the subtle lust hetero-ing his way over the dessert and coffee.

Above us, prisoners' murals depicted California history. The wooden ceiling, 80-feet high, was stuck with forks. The outlawed outlaw game had been to bend three tynes back and place the fork on the mess-table edge. Then with all the

Reliable took Billie's revelation in stride.

"You write to somebody in prison for six years, send him money and new Frye boots, and he comes out, sits on your face like he's told, twists your tits, makes you lick his 18 blue tattoos, fucks you silly, then takes off with a kidcut who wants to rob you. I could," Reliable said, "become more cynical."

"Disgusting," I said.

"That, my friend," Old Reliable said, "is what the world is about. Finding new ways to be disgusting."

"Why do people want to be disgusting?"

"Because it proves they're BAD."

"You set yourself up everytime you go down on one of those fuckers."

"I'll let you in on a little secret of why I like what I like and do what other guys only beat off to thinking about doing. I'm like every other sexual specialist. I'm 80 percent impotent unless I get it my way, unless I'm with these ex-con biker boys. Prison turns out some of the best trade in the country."

"You're going to use up your karma," I said.

"So I'm an easy mark for ex-cons. Still I have to judge each one on his own merits. I know my sexual preference sets me up for everything from an easy touch for a few bucks to a full-dress armed robbery with a side-order of a stomping and maybe a murder. Mine."

"You have sex with them. You pay them. You yourself have nothing."

"I have only a relative nothing," Reliable said. "If I have 15 bucks and Buster and Billie have 37c, then they have nothing. For 15 bucks I could get killed." He looked contemplatively around his early-Salvation-Army apartment recalling the armies that have marched over him. "Actually, for about 50 bucks, you can get anybody offed."

"You always talk that badass gangtalk from the bad company you hire."

"Ah, gangs. Disgusting, ain't it? Those wonderful prison-gang initiations. First you have to get tattooed. Then, like in the Aryan Brotherhood, they send you out to 'stick a nigger.' Everybody's disgusting. You know, of course, I know how to do away with violence in prisons."

"So go tell Jerry Brown."

"Ha. Segregate them. I've been to bed with men from every pen in the country, coast to coast, and bed is the only true confessional. I have maybe one good point to me: I listen to what they tell me. Just segregate the goddam prisons."

"You, your karma, and Buster and Billie. When you don't answer your phone, I figure I better come down and discover your body. Why do you keep doing this?"

"Why do you keep touring prisons like some fucking prison-tour junkie?"

Touche. We both laughed. We knew. At the musical show, the night of that San Quentin tour, the country-western band had twanged out a number called "Ladies Love Outlaws like Little Boys Love Puppy Dogs."

Old Reliable O'Reilly and I may not be puppies, but we know authentic macho when we sniff it.

PUNK FUNK



YOU
READ
THIS,
YOU
DESERVE
IT...

By Mykel Board

The media call it "Punk Rock" and to me *punking* always meant *fucking*. (I got my curiosity through *The New York Times*.) So I figured to check it out. I mean with every story came the heavy-duty pix of safety pins, razor blades, and black leather. That kinda junk interests me, you know? CBS News even showed "punk dancing" which to me looked like a lot of fighting, punching, and kick-boxing with a beat. So I exited by Bleeker Street sty and headed to the bottom of the Bowery, stepping over for crissakes winos cadging tourists for bottles of Tawny Port.

Somewhere in the middle of all this lower New York garbage, TIME tells me lies CBGB's, the hole-in-the-wall capital of Punk Rock. CBGB stands for "Country Blue Grass Blues." Shit. Those initials long ago lost their meaning. CBGB's is closer now to heeby-jeebies which is what you'll get if you keep reading this real shit about my punk-sex adventure.

Outside CBGB's, a Bowery drunk was tossing up cookies in the doorway. (Hey, man, this story IS what it is ABOUT! Punk. Puke. Sex. And other disgusting dark shit like the inside of CBGB's). I stumbled in through the gloom over loose floorboards jiggled by roaches, plopped my ass into a wobbly chair made in a correctional facility for terminal assholes, and tried to see the gooodam stage. Outside, Mount Retchmore sounded like all four faces doing an upchuck quartet. Inside, this place was really quiet with morgue anticipation.

Tonight. On stage. Live. Sort of. Was appearing the punk rock group: SUICIDE.

Looking around, I saw Weirdos. I mean young, young, young Weirdos. Usta be people didn't get weird till maybe twenty-five or thirty. These babies was born weird. Half of them, not old enough to grow a moustache, looked cloned out of what was left of James Dean. They had deadwhite faces made up over black leather jackets.

Fuck. Gimme an empty table. Quick.

To my right sat Fan Tan Fanny. One fan came out of her crotch and spread out over her tiny chest. The second fan came out of her ass and reached up and across her pale shoulders where the two fans joined, baring her mortuary sides. Her small dead breasts dangled forward as she leaned to light her Camel from the table candle.

She was no apprentice nymphomaniac.

The guy behind me was no guy to have behind me. He was a burnt-out twenty-two, 6'2", and 300 of the ugliest pounds this side of Totie Fields' left leg. His footlong beard, parted in the middle, spread out to two sticky points. His recently shaved head was covered with light green bristle. His left ear was pierced. The lobe stretched, like something out of *National Geographic*, halfway down his neck. Through the hole in his lobe he had stuck a big, corked test tube. Inside the test tube crawled two live cockroaches.

Suddenly the stage was lit. The faint houselights dimmed to blackness. A deafening hum spewed from the speakers on either side of the floor. Then a disembodied voice announced: "Ladies and Gentlemen: SUICIDE."

As the lights dimmed again, something dark settled in at my table. In the candlelight, I saw he was young and leathery. Our eyes met. Some fucking enchanted evening. His face had the tough hollow Jim Morrison look. He took out a Gaulois. I struck a match. He moved his face to the flame. The cigarette dangled. He inhaled and sort of grunted thanks. I dropped the lit match into his leather crotch. Our knees touched under the table.

he opened a little cut which soon began to drip blood.

He deserved it.

"These guys suck," I said.

"Mr. Gaullois" next to me smiled and

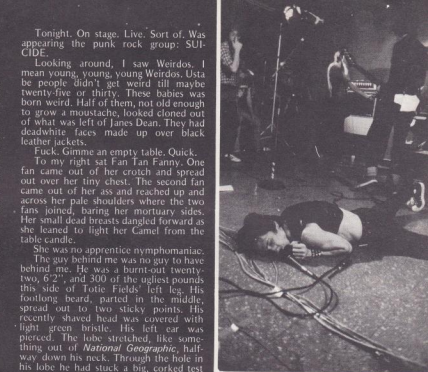
snorted his agreement. I checked him out again. He looked at me as if he were asking for the something I knew I had.

The music was too loud to make normal conversation.

On stage, Allan and Marty Suicide were laying out their opening number. Marty Suicide wore a blue ski jacket and stretch pants. He stood stage-rear moving his hands without any particular effect up and down on a synthesizer. He made elevator Muzak sound like the "Hallelujah Chorus."

Allan Suicide's leather jacket was torn to shreds. How the fuck can anyone tear up a leather jacket? His black Corvette's \$1.98 wig slipped to his stencilled eyebrows as he struggled to look EVIL.

"Ninety-six tears!" he shouted, then hit himself in the side of the face with the microphone torn from its stand. POW! "Ninety-six tears! NINETY-SIX TEARS!" He screamed. Then POW! POW! POW! Slamming himself in the side of his face,



"WHAT'S YOUR NAME?" I yelled into his ear.

"I used to be Charles Beesley. In my first life. Now you can call me Legs."

I pretended not to hear him and leaned over for another listen using his right thigh to support my weight. I pressed hard. Very hard. "Did you say Legs?" I asked.

"Our Legs fit your legs," he said. "They hug you. They hold you. They never let you down."

Crissakes. This kid was straight out of the Toob.

The music was apexing. The crowd was rushing the stage for a taste of SUICIDE. The bleeding performer was alternating his mike from his mouth to his asshole, jamming it for a few hot licks into the faces worshipping him. Before he could sing another chorus of "I Wanna Eat Your Shit," I asked Legs, "You want to go out for a good smoke?"

We shouldered our way to the door. A spook stamped our hands as we left. Stepping over the bum and buddy lying in their puke duet, we headed into the alley behind the club. It smelled of piss.

"Okay, Legs. What's the real story?"

He looked at me like a cocker spaniel that just shit on the rug and expected the *Sunday Times* across his ass. I reached for his leather lapels. His right hand shot up and grabbed mine. The back of his hand was angry, red, and blistered with fresh cigarette burns.

Terrific. Another creature from Alpha Centauri.

I shook his hand away and slapped him across the face. He went down like shot snot. He knelt in the bum piss, clutched my knees like the Saving Cross, and whimpered. I grabbed the shoulders of his jacket, unsnapped the epaulets, and using them as handles, forced the punkfucker up against the wall. He grabbed my foot and put it against his chest. Lordy! Make me a footstool at this feet! Taking the cue, I crushed him against the wall.

For something in his youth or childhood, he deserved, I'd betcha, the kinda thing I got to give. I mean I could see a bulge rising in his tight levis. My own cock was at fighting stance. (What do they mean about sex and violence. Sex is violence.) I wanted to outpunk this punk. He reached for his fly held closed by six big safety pins. I scraped my boot down, knocking his hand away.

"Mine," I said. "Me. Me. Me. Mine. Asshole!"

With trembling hands he reached up and unlatched my Peterbilt belt. Slowly he popped open my buttons. He lowered my jeans to my knees. Who the fuck wears underwear? My cock sprang out toward his face. I was gonna have me my first genuine certified punk mouth. I slapped him once more, just for the bloody good juice of it. "Not so fast." I spit on him. When in Punkdom, do as the punks do. "We got all night. Go slow. Treat it nice."

Legs went into a cliché of tip work. This kid had an all-pro tongue. Every few seconds he raised his mournful eyes to check if he was licking me alright. I sneered my best Presley sneer-of-death. Elvis would have liked my version of his

style. Gradually, Legs worked his way to my roots. He sucked long and steady. Far fucking out! I was almost this side of coming when suddenly goddam coughing came from my left. The soylent green bums had found their way into the alley for more puke time in the old corral. I pulled up my jeans. "Later," I said.

We showed our stamped hands at the CBGB door and reclaimed our seats. SUICIDE had finished trying and a new group was on stage.

"Punks and Punkettes! Meet THE DEAD BOYS!"

The crowd managed a cheer. Yay. Yay. (Who the fuck are THE DEAD BOYS?) They looked like abortions that got away. The guitar-punk wore a tight dogcollar. A safety pin dangled from his ear. The lead singer was meditating, masturbator, waiting his cue, ropes of drool hanging from his mouth to his muscular belly. Suddenly he sprang to his head feet and started the song:

I don't need your company
Girls like you all come for free
I don't really want to dance
Girl, I just wanna get in your pants
I don't want ya to hang around
Girl, I don't need ya to track me down
I don't really want to dance
Girl, I just wanna get in your pants ...
I need lunch!

Yea baby, I NEED LUNCH!!!
(This shit is copyright 1977 by Omfug/
Dead Boys/Blue Disque Music.)

Legs and I looked at each other. Suddenly, because everything happens suddenly, in the punk world, Stiv, The Dead Boys' lead singer, threw himself from the stage into the audience, landing on our table. Our two bottles of beer crashed to the floorboards. We kicked him away and he crawled back onto the stage toward the drums. He stuck his head into the bass drum to really hear a few hot licks, then threw himself onto the floor again, flopping like a beached fish at the end of Fellini's *La Dolce Vita*.

Again, suddenly, a punk from the audience dashed for the stage. Just as suddenly the vicious-looking drummer rose from behind his drums, and with his sticks in his thick mitts played twelve bars of "Bolero" on the punk's face. The entire CBGB broke into a mass of flailing fists and screams. The punk, who now knew "Bolero" by heart, was humping his bleeding face across the safety-pinned tits of a tattooed earth-mother punkette. Fan Tan Fanny ran trailing her rear fan along the floor. Behind us, glass shattered. I pulled Legs to the door.

"Wait a minute," he said. He dropped his jeans, squatted, and dumped on the heeby-jeeby doirill.

We walked east through the meanest part of town. Not a New Yorkian touched us. We reached the East River. No problem. I turned to Legs. "Okay," I said. "Now where were we? O yeah. Your legs fit my legs."

He stood mute.

I punched him in the stomach as hard as I could. He turned green. I could see that puke-look a guy gets in his crossed eyes, so I grabbed him by his greasy hair and held his head over the water. Why the fuck mess up a nice city sidewalk? He up-

chucked straight beer. This kid was gonna end up back in the Bowery, but right now he was in bloom and hot. "You and the night and the sewage," I sang. He sank to his knees, lapping at my crotch like the East River lapped at the cement wall below us. God! I felt poetic. I also felt hard again. "Stop!" I said.

He looked up at me, his mouth still around my cock like a choirboy caught on the fourth note of "O Holy Night." I slapped him hard and he let go. "Turn around," I said.

He opened his mouth to speak. I raised my hand. He obeyed.

"Drop your jeans."

He reached for his belt and dropped his trousers.

"Now, boy, down like a dog."

He went down on all fours.

"Legs," I said, "they should call you 'Paws'." I steered my cock straight toward his asshole. Was he ready? I ask you: Is Flushing in New York? I plunged in. Surprise. He was tighter than I expected. Good. New punk. I pumped him harder. His insides stretched to new spaces. His ass had promise, but his potential was too dry for me. I withdrew. He thought I was finished. He had another thought to think. I pushed him down further. "Okay, Legs baby, daddy's gonna teach his doggie a new trick."

A shiver ran down his spine. He wagged his butt.

I rubbed my hand through the thick punk grease in his hair, then held it at his mouth. "Slobber on it," I said.

Without question he slurped my hand. The mix of beerpuke, saliva, and grease lubed my first just fine.

"O fartin' Jesus in heaven," he whined. "I can't take that."

I pushed my middle finger into his asshole. "Easy," I said. "You're easy." I slipped in my ring finger. "Greasy." Then my index finger. "Sleazy."

He moaned.

I reached under with my other hand and pulled him back to me by his balls. He had a safety pin stuck through his cock. My pinky slipped in. "Cheesy." His buttohole snapped at my knuckles. I bent my thumb across my palm and drove my fist home to the wrist. He made whining sobs. Music to my ears. "You underestimate yourself," I said. "Big punks don't cry. Doo wah. Doo wah."

He whined again.

I withdrew my fist and inserted my cock. His fruit juicy young hole was punk perfect. I humped away. Hell, I even let the kid jerk at himself. And, oh God, how he pulled, his ass-ring tightening down harder on my cock till we both shot off together.

I kicked him down on the sidewalk. "You're punkfucked, punk."

"It hurt."

"You liked it."

He licked my greasy hand.

On our way back to the West Village, we walked through a Spanish neighborhood. Two girls sat on a stoop. When we passed, they looked up. One of them pointed.

"Mira, Janita, mira!" she said. "Los punks! Los punks!"

That little ol' Janita sure knows los punks when she sees 'em!

Every man wants to be at ease with himself, and sometimes some hard facts protect a guy from dis-ease with himself. When you're a Big Boy playing Big League Games, you have to take Big Time Care of your body and your head. So if PCP is happening, has happened, or very well might even accidentally happen to you, here's some real dope you ought to know.

WELCOMED BACK

If we lived in the best of all possible worlds, PCP would become a thing of the past. We don't. PCP won't — at least for awhile. In the meantime, when at ease or at dis-ease with yourself, if you must get into this sort of thing, at least take steps to minimize the consequences. By avoiding the PCP fad, you could save your head, your life, or both.

NO DEPOSIT

Simple economics makes PCP a cheap high on otherwise expensive streets. PCP is a manufacturer/dealer's dream: anybody can get the chemical ingredients legally and slap a cheap home lab into a ten-step operation, turning out 50 or 60 pounds of PCP for about \$1,000 total, then peddling it for \$8,000 to \$15,000 a pound. Do your arithmetic. If that kind of mark-up fails to turn the consumer off to PCP purchase, then some "pre-first aid" info about PCP may be helpful.

NO RETURN

The Street Drug Identification Program at LAC-USC Medical Center warns that these days PCP may be laced into other, gentler drugs of choice. PCP is often substituted for, or added to, mescaline, psilocybin, LSD, MDA, MDM, grass, hash, coke, and even heroin. A street-drug analysis service can test your sample stash for actual content. This is not a bad idea since "cottage chemists" have little or no quality control.

"One set of figures places the range of PCP strength in powder forms from 2.1% to 90.3%. Joints range from 0.2 mgm. to 75.0 mgm. Depending on your body size, physical condition, mental state, out-

dangerous drug than LSD. As far as common drugs of abuse, this is the worst there is. It makes heroin look good. It doesn't even produce a high like other drugs. It produces a void, complete disorientation."

PCP is phencyclidine, a relative of ketamine (Ketalar), a drug that separates the mind from the body in a hallucinatory way. PCP, tested on humans as early as 1957 as an anesthetic, was quickly abandoned by Parke Davis as unfit for the human system. *PCP's intro to the drug culture was a mistake.* Animal studies show PCP to be retained in the fat tissue of the brain up to three years after regular use of one year. Many casual users require from two weeks to six months to experience relief from PCP's various effects: rapid heart beat, high blood pressure, sweating, redness of the

skin, loss of some degree of motor control, dizziness, inability to talk, and distorted vision.

PCP often renders the user's mind incapable of decoding information such as the significance of a freight train moving at 60 mph toward the spot on which he is standing. Chronic users have a high accident rate: death by fire, drowning, or auto seems to result either from the inability to perceive danger, or the lack of coordination or mobility needed to get away from it. Large PCP doses (one gram) can cause coma, epileptic seizures, death by stopping the heart and/or breathing, and stroke from ruptured vessels in the brain during the high blood pressure episode.

ANGELS FEAR TO TREAD

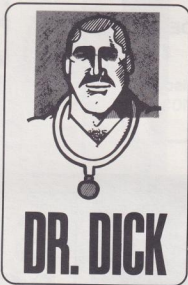
Under PCP influence, a quiet and well-mannered person can do a Jekyll/Hyde number, becoming homicidal, suicidal, amnesiac, kleptomaniac — you name it. Sure as gates come off hinges, PCP users run high personal risk.

Current PCP ALIASES are: THC, angel dust, dummy dust, stardust, dust, peace, cosmos, mist, tic, cannabinal, aurora borealis, crystal, crystal joint, marijuana booster, synthetic marijuana, rocket fuel, TTI-1, TTI-3, goon, and whatever kicker names the pusher-man can think up next. When you buy street drugs, you buy a pig-in-a-poke, and the pig is most likely these days PCP.

WHEN THINGS GO BUM IN THE NIGHT

Ingested, snorted, smoked, shot up, PCP can produce in the user these serious symptoms: alternating asleep and awake; vomiting or severe nausea; trouble breathing, or not breathing at all; muscle rigidity or spasm; agitation; wild or belligerent behavior; staring, unresponsiveness to visual stimuli; inability to move arms or legs, to talk coherently; fever; seizures; unconsciousness. Call a knowledgeable, empathetic doctor.

Valium is the only chemical that should be used to relieve PCP agitation.



DRUMMER GOES TO THE DOCTOR

By Dr. Richard R. Hamilton

PCP: SHORTCUT TO SUICIDE

side stresses, etc., anything over 10 mgm. of PCP in your bod will probably give you a bad time. Even as little as 5 mgm. can cause some unpleasant effects. There is little difference between smoking and snorting to dropping, except in the length of time the PCP takes to start acting. If your average snort is, for example, 20 mgm. by weight of the PCP itself, with the wide variation in potency, you might get anything from 0.5 mgm. to 18 mgm. in your snort. Using PCP in combo with other drugs, especially alcohol, makes PCP-reaction more severe. Also, there are people who are quite normal, but who have a latent mental disorder which can be triggered by an all too easy overdose."

STARDUST

Mike Guy, a narcotics expert, says of PCP: "It's a much stronger and more

FIRST-AID

For mild bummers lasting under two hours, PCP experts advise that if it's you yourself, there isn't much you can do without help from someone else. If your partner bums out with a mild reaction, try the following: Keep the person in a quiet, softly lit place, where he can't hurt himself. Avoid unnecessary stimulation by sight, sound, and touch. Such external stimuli can make some bummers worse. Be reassuring. Keep an eye on things to see that the condition doesn't worsen. If the symptoms persist more than two hours, you probably need to get some help.

Don't be shy. Don't delay. Give the doctor or the paramedic a description, or better yet, a sample, of what was taken, when, and how. Analysis can help treatment.

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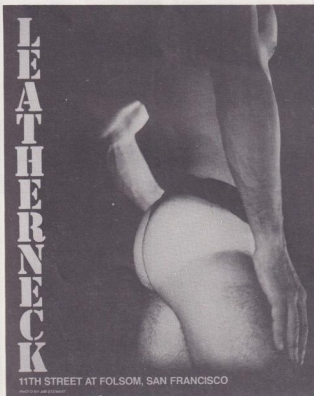
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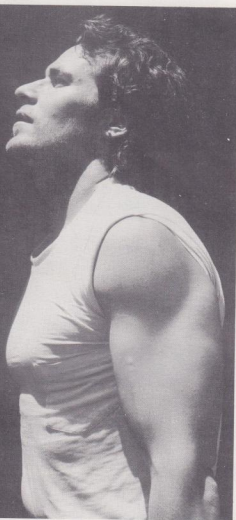
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"One of the few New York porn stores you can be seen entering without horrible embarrassment."
—The Village Voice

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—Time Magazine

FRED HALSTED



TOM OF FINLAND came to town! I first saw his work in 1952 at the Universal Bookstand on Las Palmas via *AMG Physique Pictorial*, Bob Misner's magazine. For too many years that was THE magazine; in curious ways DRUMMER is its heir. Well, TOM OF FINLAND really does exist. He is a hot, healthy old fart, about 60 and together. His active fantasy art has turned me (and the rest of gay men) on for as long as I can remember. TOM autographed my new cast. His latest work is very evolutionary, his style is unique. Lowell Ward and Herb Miller sponsored the event at EONS GALLERY. This gallery is near the Stud Bar and also the Club Baths in Los Angeles, sort of near Silverlake. The hunky HAPPY HUSTLER MICHAEL KEARNS was in attendance floating around with his "come take me" smile. BUDDAH MAE and entourage, terrific artist JAKAL (he did the new FFA poster), ROBERT OPEL (the Oscar streaker and local artist/anarchist), L

A STAR, JEANNIE BARNEY looked terrific in a black vampira kind of thing, TROY PERRY of religious fame and sidekick politico DAVID GLASCOCK couldn't be missed, ETIENNE the artist grabbed my ass and told me he gives the best head in the world, that I question since my own JOEY YALE is the acknowledged best cocksucker (at least the MB club has his name on a special plaque of honor), JOHN EMBRY (publishing Honcho) asked me for my new column (here it is John), his DRUMMER has doubled in circulation and the new ALTERNATE is a smash at the stands, DON BEAVERS one of LA's HOT BOTTOMS had his tongue drooling at the artworks (and a few humpy studs), IN TOUCH editor ROGER MARGASON was socializing new talent, ERIC MATLAN of HOUSE OF MILAN fame, DIRK DEETER ad rep for the ADVOCATE, CHARLIE AIRWAYS (camera in hand . . . and just out of jail), CHARLES FARBER noted film critic, BARRY DILLER (chairman of the board of

Paramount Pictures), JIM FRENCH (one of the world's BEST photographers) was digging TOM'S work, a sprinkling of LIBERTARIAN ACTIVISTS, and tons of TOM OF FINLAND fans. I got a lot of questions about my leg being in a cast . . . what really happened they asked, . . . well, . . . only for DRUMMER!

I'd been bored by my sex life in LA and felt I was being repetitious and too "technical" so I went to MARINE HEAVEN the city of OCEANSIDE. Got there early in the afternoon, not much happening, talked to a lot of marines and found they all are wondering why they joined and why isn't there a war for them to fight. The afternoon I spent in the local porno house watching "FANNY HILL." Walked into the dark, large theatre and the vibes knocked me out! 50 hot, young marines jacking off watching the flick. I groped my way to the top row and let my eyes feast on all that fresh meat. They were so turned on and horny, but still marines, sitting with a seat between each other as they pulled out their throbbing cocks and ran their hands over them. Realizing there was no way to get down on some of that I took out my aml and jacked off looking at a dark theatre full of panting marines.

Later, I cruised the pier, not much happening, the head under the pier was unusually quiet. Went up to that bar "THE DRIFTWOOD" overlooking the pier and there met the 3 hottest marine bikers I have ever seen. Each in a black leather jacket, I played DOLLY PARTON'S "HERE YOU COME AGAIN" and started a conversation. BILLY is 18 and looks and acts crazy, MOOSE is huge and looks like he has the DICK OF DEATH, and GARRIT turned me on the most. Sort of the ringleader, his ambition is to be a steel truck driver working in FONTANA (site of the KAISER works) . . . straight as a board they cruise a lot. A long drunken evening leads us to the live western band bar on Hill St. I am trying to appear straight as I make a pass at GARRIT. Anyway, things work out such that I am later blowing GARRIT on his chopper in the alley. Right near the tattoo parlor (where that afternoon I watched a marine being tattooed as his buddy said, "You take that fucker, and no sound out of you" . . . his buddy let out a tear of pain but said nothing as the hot needle dug into his flesh). I got down on GARRIT's throbbing cock while he was reclined on his chopped HARLEY and knew I was in heaven when his load shot down my throat. That was until MOOSE grabbed my shoulder (I don't know where he came from since we had split a white ago) and spun me around on my knees yelling "you're next FRED," . . . well his fist hit my eye with great energy and I soon was stomped royally in that alley. I broke my leg as I fell, but MOOSE can take credit for various crushed ribs, black eyes and etc.

Afterwards I had to drive home in my stick shift '55 Chevy truck. THAT was frightening, driving for 3 hours on those freeways with a broken leg and almost blacking out. It is funny. I think I liked it. The guys were so hot, and I felt such an — almost SATORI — like rush afterwards.

ARREST

Continued from page 27

your conviction record is not pertinent. If the conviction was for petty theft, mention it. It is pertinent, as it might affect your bondability.

DO NOT DENY THE RECORD OUTRIGHT. Simply write "N/A" (Not Applicable) across the whole section. This leaves the impression that you have no arrest record, but if it comes up and you are challenged on it, you can explain that your record wasn't pertinent to the employment you sought, or that you "forgot" it.

In general, then, try not to admit to gay-related offenses if you do not have to. A case in point here is a man in California who denied any criminal record on an employment application. A year later, he discovered that the corporate security department had run a check on him after he had been hired, turned up a gay-related conviction, and recommended that he be dismissed. His supervisor, after reviewing his work, refused to dismiss him, and that was the end of it. The man was promoted several times, retained through several layoff periods, and generally was regarded as a valuable and productive employee. He is sure that had he admitted to the conviction initially, he wouldn't have gotten the job. As it was, the company got to know him, and his record never became an issue. He was regarded as a person, not as a gay sex offender.

CONGRATULATIONS! YOU SURVIVED YOUR ARREST!

This article is an excerpt from the "Gay Source — A Catalog for Men." It was reprinted with permission of the publishers, Coward, McCann and Geoghegan/Berkeley/Windover Books.

MORE LETTERS

Continued from page 7

nide DRUMMER under the bed next to the Crisco. Now you're so hot I can leave you exposed. Already I've used you to seduce a bored coalminer on strike. First I showed him the gay sports article. He could relate to that. Then I showed him the piss article. He got more turned on then I could have hoped for. We tried it "out of curiosity." He was/is some hunk. All I can say is, "Thank you, Drummer." Also can Harry Chess have even longer adventures every issue? You don't realize how many guys get off to those kinds of hot drawings.

W.G.
Axminster, WV

TAR AND FEATHERING

I wanted to write to tell you what a great magazine you have! Keep up the good work! Do you think you could do a pictorial depicting the strip-searching of a new prisoner in jail or at the roundhouse? And how about an all-over tar and feathering — huh?! Both these scenes rate tops with me in terms of humiliation, and I think the majority of your readers would get a charge out of them. A couple of pussy magazines I've seen have shown a

couple smug guards relieving a coyly-smiling hunk of his clothes, but I bet a lot of readers would enjoy seeing something like the real thing — where the prisoner doesn't want to be stripped and feels the shame of the degrading search. As for tar and feathering, that's something I've never seen depicted, perhaps because a substance like tar yet more easily washed off hasn't been invented. (I might add that molasses can be used with satisfactory results — as it was by the Sophomores at the college I attended.)

I'll keep reading DRUMMER — and hoping that these two scenes might make into the pages!

If YOU can't do them, you know no one ELSE will!

M.
Philadelphia, PA

ADVICE

You and your staff put out a great magazine! Keep up the good work! I've noticed readers often give you some interesting suggestions — and that, unfortunately, more often than not you don't follow up on them. Well, it IS your magazine. But what the hell — here comes another unsolicited piece of advice. I'm into collecting old photographs of Americana, and I wonder if you couldn't send a few of your reporters out into the archives here and there to dig up photographs of mob violence, turn-of-the-century college hazing, and posed S&M too. You could do a series on violence in

America similar to the Famous Sadists articles (but with photographs) or an article or two (or three) on changing college customs. And some of the old erotic photographs are the best ever produced. That's my suggestion and advice: do it! You have the nation's leading S&M periodical, Drummer, and my friends and I, at least, are going to continue to buy you — hoping you don't get stuck in a rut and start turning out repeats of themes you've already done well and subjects you've already treated the best anyone has ever done.

J.
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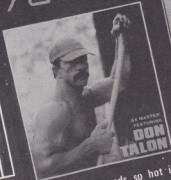
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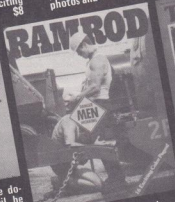
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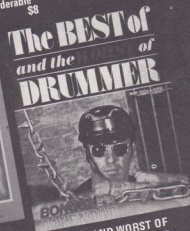
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DRUMMER Reads The Books

BLOOD OF THE BONDMASTER by Richard Tresillian. Warner Books, Inc., 75 Rockefeller Plaza, New York, N.Y., 10019. Paperback, 445 pages. \$2.25.

Those opportunistic "Bondmaster" people are at it again (see DRUMMER, Vol. II, No. 14), now capitalizing with a breezy disregard for verisimilitude on the *Roots* phenomenon. Once more, author Richard Tresillian has pepper-and-salted his pages with sublime disregard for the ways human beings behave (or, to be accurate, *misbehave*), apparently in the belief that more sales result from sensation than from sense.

Whereas in *The Bondmaster* his intense preoccupation was with the techniques of castration, here, in *Blood of the Bondmaster*, his major concern is incest. Not only does central character Carlton Todd (the bondmaster) sire a son by his own illegitimate, half-black daughter, Miranda, but would achieve the same feat by his illegitimate, half-black son, Caspar, were it anatomically possible: "Carlton tugged at the boy's neck. 'Lie with me tonight.' Caspar turned to face Carlton... then lay on the bed... He reached across his father's chest and pulled him gently toward him..."

Naturally, every one of the youths is of "astounding beauty," "hung like a jackass swinging two coconuts," with "broad shoulders," ready to drop his breeches "without a murmur of protest." Buttocks are always firmly tight, hands bluntly strong, and lips sensually thick. Blacks are noble (if compliant) savages, and whites are uniformly greedy and perverse.

Stretched exhaustively over 445 pages, the plot is concisely synopsized on the back cover: "The servant who pours Carlton's rum is his son, the master he serves is Carlton's son. And each child has a mother scheming for her son one day to be the Bondmaster." In this struggle for power, there are the expected lengthy detours for brandings, whippings, slave auctions, the nailing of horse-shoes to a runaway's bare feet.

As a change of pace, after one naughty young buck has been stripped and spread-eagled on his belly between four stakes, our villain takes a thick iron rod which "had been crudely hammered into the shape of an enormous penis" and plunges it between the helpless boy's buttocks, "splitting him open." On another occasion, displeasure at a champion Mandingo fighter's success is expressed by slipping a hand "between the Mandingo's bare buttocks" and jabbing a stone "sharply into the champion's anus."

And so it went in the halcyon years between 1813 and 1824 on the Roxborough Estate at a West Indian sugar plantation where, Tresillian would have us believe, Carlton Todd was an his-

torical personage. A good buddy of northern neighbor Paul Bunyan, no doubt.

— Ed Franklin

A STATE OF BLOOD: THE INSIDE STORY OF IDI AMIN, by Henry Kyemba. Ace Books, New York, New York, 10036. Hard cover.

New frontiers of sadism are being explored in our very own time by Uganda's dictator Idi Amin, according to *A State of Blood*, the expose written by Henry Kyemba, one of Amin's former cabinet ministers and closest associates. As the writer justifies his book, "... the world has to be told the truth of how Amin came to power, the nature of his rule, his random viciousness, his wild unpredictability, his talent (for it is a talent) for manipulating colleagues into compliance."

That "truth" would seem to be an unending catalog of inhumanities. After briefly sketching in the early life of the huge (6'4") strongman, his term of service as a sergeant in the King's African Rifles and as Uganda's heavyweight boxing champion, Kyemba launches into the meat of the matter, Amin's career as sexual athlete and sadist.

"The story of Amin and his women is one that is by turns bizarre, comic and brutal," we are told. "To have five wives — and all beautiful — is peculiar enough in itself. To have thirty or so mistresses — and about thirty-four children (the figure varies, even officially) — is even more extraordinary." The only really extraordinary thing about it, really, is that Amin had time for the ruthless acts attributed to him.

There is photographic evidence that he reveled in humiliating white residents by forcing them to kneel as they took oaths of fidelity, and used them to shoulder the platform on which he made triumphal appearances, but some of Kyemba's other claims have to be taken on faith. "His modes of execution are as atrocious as anything imaginable. He is fond of dis-

emboweling. Along with several other officers, he is known to have executed his victims by having them run over by tanks."

"But perhaps the grisliest episode concerned Francis Walugembe, who had previously been Mayor of Masaka. In September 1972, Walugembe was arrested, had his genitals cut off and was paraded through the streets before being killed and dismembered... It is common knowledge in the Ugandan medical profession that many of the bodies dumped in hospital mortuaries are terribly mutilated, with livers, noses, lips, genitals or eyes missing."

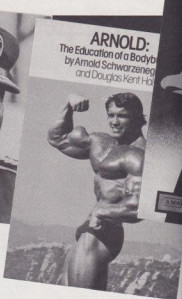
"Hardly any Ugandan doubts that Amin has, quite literally, a taste for blood. It derives partly from his tribal background. Like many other warrior societies, the Kakwa, Amin's tribe, are known to have practiced blood rituals on slain enemies... He has boasted to me and others that he has eaten human flesh: 'In warfare, if you do not have food, and your fellow soldier is wounded, you may as well kill him and eat him to survive.'"

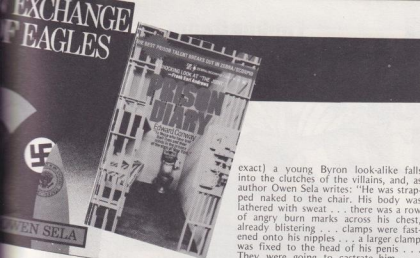
And so it goes, on and on, one blood-drenched page after the other. DRUMMER readers' responses will be strictly in accordance with their requirements. In other words, you're on (and into) your own.

— Ed Franklin

ARNOLD: THE EDUCATION OF A BODYBUILDER, by Arnold Schwarzenegger and Douglas Kent Hall. Simon & Schuster, Rockefeller Center, 1230 Avenue of the Americas, New York, N.Y., 10020. Hardbound, 256 pages. \$9.95.

Writing about the self-imposed tortures he and his training buddies endured in attempts to develop the world's most perfect body, Arnold Schwarzenegger boasts "We experienced a lot of pain... The whole idea of pain became a pleasure trip. I couldn't tell anybody about it





then, because I knew they would say I was a weirdo, a masochist. Which wasn't true, I had just converted the pain into pleasure . . . We bragged to each other about how much it hurt."

The above is only a sampling of the many ingenious revelations to be found in the first half of *Arnold: The Education of a Bodybuilder*, the heart-rending saga of how the Police Chief's son from a tiny town outside Graz (Austria) became "the best-built man in the world." Arnold takes us from his teen-age infatuation with Reg Park ("I pasted his pictures on all the walls of my bedroom") through his military service ("I liked the regimentation . . . the whole idea of uniforms . . . the discipline") and early traumas ("He reached out to touch me . . . I became aware of the fact that there were a few homosexuals around bodybuilding") to the ultimate triumph — once he learned that "bodybuilding was show business."

The second half of the book tells would-be bodybuilding competitors how to prepare — what to eat, what to wear, and how to expand a normal exercise routine into a championship workout. There are endless pix of Arnold's body in its various stages of development, but, interestingly, not a one of his one-time nemesis, Serge Oliva (who was heard to mutter "Oh, shit!" when he lost the Mr. World contest to Schwarzenegger in 1970). No, there is no frontal nudity, but the shot of Arnold at the top of page 116 might just as well be.

All in all, your \$9.95 could be spent much more foolishly.

— Ed Franklin

AN EXCHANGE OF EAGLES, by Owen Sela. Pantheon Books, 201 E. 50th St., New York, N.Y., 10022. Hardbound, 304 pages. \$8.95.

An Exchange of Eagles has three vivid scenes of Gestapo torture, which, at an average of about one per hundred pages, isn't at all bad. Don't raise your hopes (or anything else) too high, however, for one of the victims is a senile old man and another is the female love interest. Ah, but that third one! About midway through the book (pages 135-139, to be

exact) a young Byron look-alike falls into the clutches of the villains, and, as author Owen Sela writes: "He was strapped naked to the chair. His body was lathered with sweat . . . there was a row of angry burn marks across his chest, already blistering . . . clamps were fastened onto his nipples . . . a larger clamp was fixed to the head of his penis . . . They were going to castrate him . . . Jahnke's finger tripped the on/off switch. Dieter's body snapped outwards, curving against the straps . . ."

It's a pity that the sections of the book surrounding the above-quoted scene lack any such appeal. *Eagles* is just another one of those attempts at a "documentary thriller" that reimagines history. The time is 1940. Max Schroeder of U.S. Army Intelligence and Paul van Osten of the German Abwehr (Military Intelligence) collaborate on plotting simultaneous assassinations of Roosevelt and Hitler, hoping to block development of atomic weapons and America's entry into the European war. One "eagle" exchanged for another: hence, Operation Doppel Adler/Double Eagle. *An Exchange of Eagles*.

Written with eyes firmly focused on the movie screen, the novel shifts abruptly between Washington and Hyde Park in the U.S.A. to various highly-photogenic locations in Germany. Inasmuch as any reader with only the slightest of nodding acquaintances with recent history will know that the plot is doomed to defeat, what little remains of the suspense element is left to how that defeat is brought about. A slender reed, indeed, and one which breaks under its burden fairly early on.

Significant use of details attests to Sela's thorough job of research, but fails to counterbalance the appallingly two-dimensional characterizations (so many of the male characters are tall, blond, and handsome that one may justifiably conjecture about the dark-haired author's inclinations). The strength of the historical figures — given our intimate *a priori* knowledge of them — put the fictional characters to shame (could even the most imaginative of novelists even begin to conceive of a Franklin Delano Roosevelt?).

Our recommendation? It'll be considerably cheaper, and possibly much more exciting, to wait for the inevitable movie.

— E.F.

PRISON DIARY, by Edward Conway. Published by Zebra/Scorpion Books, 521 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y., 10017. Paperback, 268 pages. \$1.95.

Edward Conway, sentenced to 15

years at upstate New York's Greenhaven Prison (described luridly as "America's Worst Hell Hole"), spent most of his waking hours studying those around him and unfortunately decided to keep a diary. We are informed that he had to conceal the daily entries in his mattress so that the guards wouldn't destroy them. It would have been much better for all concerned if those guards had been more conscientious in their shakedowns.

Prison Diary, on top of being a deadly bore, awkwardly written and dullingly repetitious, is an out-and-out rip-off. The back cover of this cheapie paperback promises "an account of everyday prison life, the cons, the guards, the humor, the sadness, the brutality, the atrocities" (emphases ours).

Well, aside from the brutalizing nature of the environment *per se*, in all these wearisome 268 pages there is only one single sentence that qualifies as an atrocity, and I quote in full: "I recall vividly the strike here in Greenhaven, during the latter part of December, 1965, into January, 1966, when the 'Beast', the late Warden Follette, stripped naked and beat over three hundred prisoners, some of whom lost their minds." Q.E.D.

Those interested in the niceties of restraints may groove on the following all-too-brief description of the manner in which Conway was readied for "shipment" from one place to another: "(the guard) stepped behind me and, in a manner of possessive authority, circled my waist with the wide black belt. Locking the belt in the rear, he stepped in front of me and placed my wrists into the handcuffs that were chained to the belt."

There are the predictable asides regarding homosexuality ("The State, having no provisions for proper and humane housing for recognized homosexuals in prison, confines them in disciplinary isolation"), body searches ("When I had stripped, he made me raise my arms . . . looked at the soles of my feet, up my rectum"), and masturbation ("Your prisoners . . . hands caressing the area of their penis, causing hard erections that protruded and bulged through their pants").

The only other mention of overt sexual activity, and again I quote in full, is "One officer, about a year and a half ago, was caught out in one of the barns allowing two inmates to hump him in the rectum. Amazing! Astounding! Incredible!"

It is said that a little knowledge is a dangerous thing, and convict Conway, allowed to run loose in the prison library, is no exception. Deeming himself all at once a literary critic, he finds Oscar Wilde's choice of words "too precise." Thomas Wolfe "with no peer in the entire field of literature," and William Shakespeare's "sole contribution was simply as an actor and a hack writer who dived and plunged and pillaged another's history of England to acquire the plots, scenes and language of his plays."

Conway's "Dedication" claims that his intention is to "shock the consciences" of society. It is only in his self-ascribed role as critic that he succeeds — an irony, I feel certain, that would utterly elude him.

— E.F.

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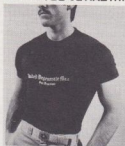
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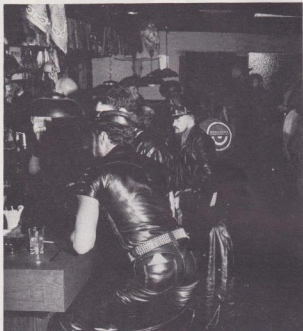


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MEN'S BAR SCENE MEN'S BAR

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THE POST



Although Philadelphia is often considered the third most active leather scene in the country after New York and the Coast, and that is the principal category of The Post's trade, the staff and management are active in Philly's entire gay community movement which, of course, is not limited to just the L/L set. Most members of Philadelphia's enormously successful "Roast Anita Bryant Committee" worked at The Post. They have also been instrumental in forming the Community Alliance of Philadelphia, a successful gay businessmen's group in Philadelphia's Center City; and the bar management openly supports and encourages the local and very active Gay Community Center.

The 4-sided front bar of The Post is noteworthy for its stucco walls and carved wooden canopy, supported by foot-thick carved wooden posts. The back bar is even more rustic, with exposed brick walls, accented by toys bearing an S&M theme and the banners of the clubs whose home is The Post. In between the two bars is the game room with a constantly-used pool table, rest rooms and the kitchen. The Post is open seven days a week: Mon.—Sat. from 12 noon until 2 a.m.; Sundays from 1 p.m. to 2 a.m. Lunch is served from noon until 4 p.m., dinner from 6 p.m., and Sunday brunch from 1 p.m.

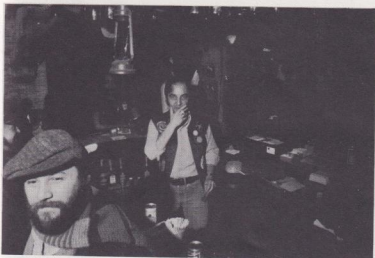
After visiting The Post bar in the lovely old colonial city of Philadelphia, it's easy to see why that city — the 4th largest in the U.S. — is commonly known as "The City of Brotherly Love." Old the city may be, but it's as young as tomorrow in its ambience and attitude towards the L/L scene.

The management and staff at The Post have made a concerted effort over the past three years to establish a warm and friendly atmosphere, where everyone feels welcome, whether from out-of-town or local. The bar is located right in "Center City" Philadelphia at 1705 Chancellor Street, between the principal shopping thoroughfares of Chestnut and Locust Streets.

Within a year after its opening, The Post had just about cornered the local L/L club scene in Philadelphia. Here, the men don't play games, but mean just what their hip-pocket handkerchiefs and other signs indicate (bone up on your color code). It is the home of the VANGUARDS M.C., one of the oldest (9 years) clubs in the East, and one of the country's largest (80+ regular and active associate members). Most of the bartenders are VANGUARDS. Additionally, the bar houses the banner of the locally-notorious "Pig M.C.," which has a highly restrictive membership, awarded only to those who have proven — time after time — that they are "worthy" of the "Pig" colors. Hundreds of pigs decorate The Post bar, as the proprietor, Oscar O. ("Ozzie") Schwartz, is a member of "Pig

MEN'S BAR SCENE

THE / WESTERN / LEATHER / WESTERN / LEATHER / WESTERN / LEATHER / WESTERN /



M.C." and collects miniatures of the domestic animal.

Since opening, The Post has branched out by having one out-of-town club sponsor a club bar night each month, usually the last Saturday night of the month, wherein the club members man the bar and raise money for their club activities. In addition to local groups, at least 30 clubs — most of them from the Eastern U.S. — have "hosted The Post," including clubs from Boston, Connecticut, New York City, Long Island, Rochester, Bucks County (Pa.), Washington, D.C., Harrisburg (Pa.), Baltimore, and Virginia, with some clubs from further afield, such as Cleveland, Detroit and Toronto. No wonder there is usually a goodly number of out-of-town leather-

men mingling among the regulars at The Post.

While the bar openly caters to the macho crowd, its customers are not limited strictly to those in the club or leather scene, and there is no enforced dress code (although very little fluff patronizes The Post). The dress is casual, however, and almost universally L/L; but it is not unusual to see the same customer in total leather one night and a tie and jacket at cocktail hour the next afternoon. The local press has called The Post "the roughest, toughest saloon this side of Arizona," which isn't far from the truth, but the big hunky bar-keepers have no trouble with any patron who may begin feeling a little too frisky.



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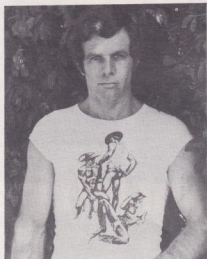
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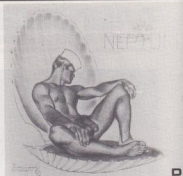
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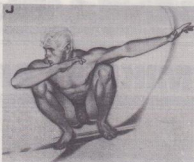


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MEN'S BAR SCENE MEN'S BAR

THUR / WESTERN / LEATHER / WESTERN / LEATHER / WESTERN / LEATHER / WESTERN / LEATHER / WESTERN / LEATHER / WESTERN / LEATH

North Long Beach's Mike's Corral is not like the ordinary Los Angeles area bar. As with other long time bars, it has its ups and downs. As the oldest leather bar in the Long Beach area, it has become an institution. Featuring beer, it is not set up for the old fashioned S&M action that one might expect in other areas. But it still just happens here. Unlike other Los Angeles area bars, it does not put up a front. The decor is nothing special. The interior has a jail like enclosure where the pinball machines are available for the customers, and catering to the outdoors types there is a large patio to the rear. Featuring a fire pit which is usually on during the cool evenings, there are benches where customers can sit, relax, and do their thing without feeling out of place. In the rear of the patio is an enclosure for the motorcycle buff to park his machine with reasonable security. The area can be closed off for special shows including movies. The action here has been described as wild. It has been said that one should always bring a spare pair of Levi's for when the crowd gets going, anything can happen, and many have had their original pair ripped off. Water sports is also a big thing here. It has been said that you can always find a nice hot beer bottle in any one of the two restrooms. Mike's Corral is one of the few bars in the Los Angeles area that still has a jukebox for entertainment. While it is not as large as some of the other bars that DRUMMER has spotlighted, it has one of the friendliest atmospheres that one might encounter. The bar opens its doors at 11:30 every morning and by 2 that afternoon, it is going strong. All in all, it is the clientele that make Mike's Corral a lively place.

Text and Photos by Gary Barnhill

MIKE'S CORRAL



MEN'S BARSCENE MEN'S BAR

WESTERN / LEATHER / MACHO / WESTERN / LEATHER / MACHO / WESTERN / LEATHER / MACHO / WESTERN / LEAT

To the best of DRUMMER's knowledge, all of the following establishments are alive and living and catering to the Levi/Leather/Macho Male. We'd also appreciate it if you would keep us informed of any 'n' all openings and/or closings of macho watering holes in your area... or let us know what we have missed. It will help us keep on top of the DRUMMER style action. Here's cum in your eye!

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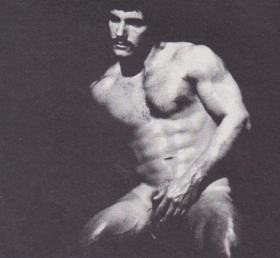
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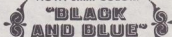


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Figure of Christ



Series I

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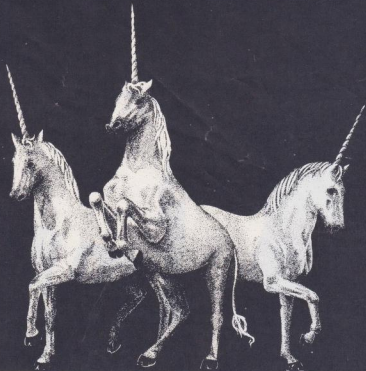
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